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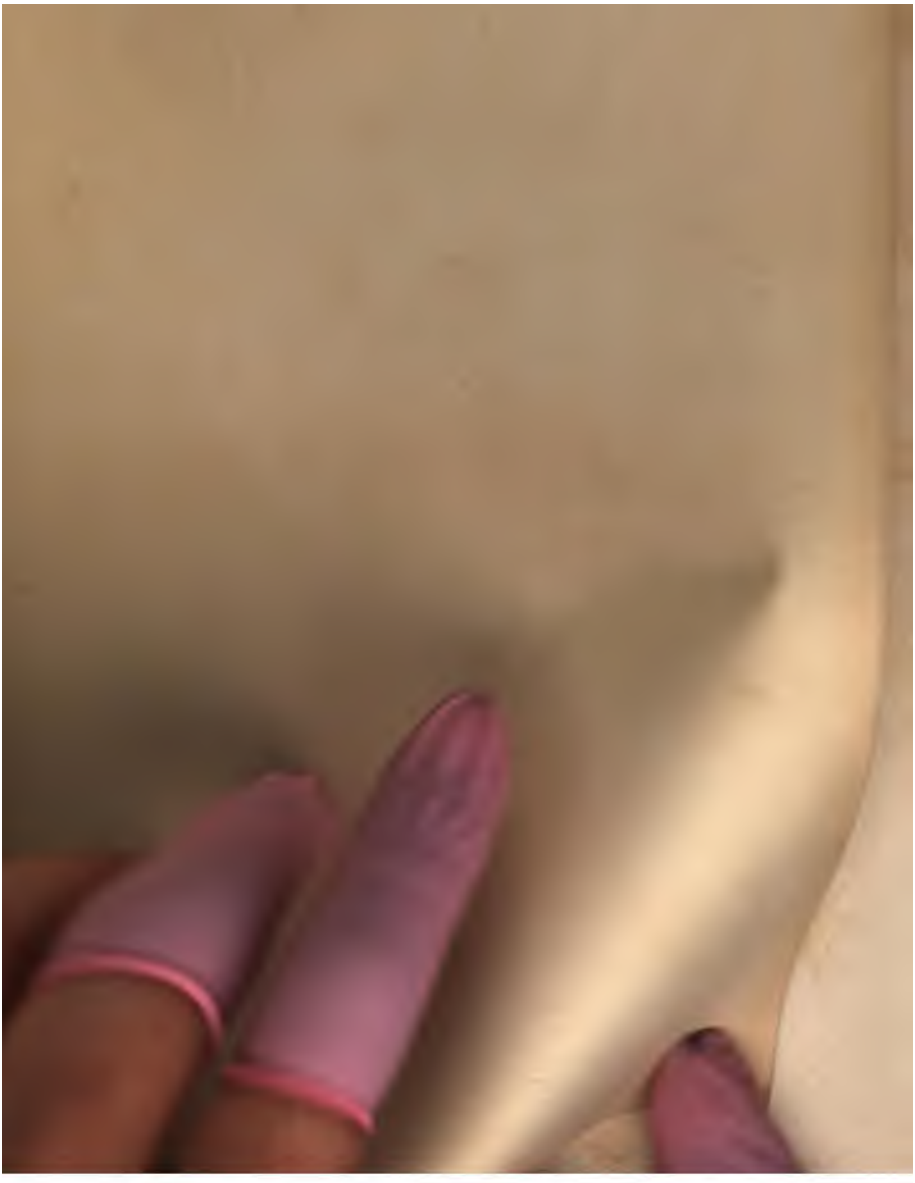

WITH TOGO

TOGO.

1903.

[*Frontispiece.*

WITH TOGO

THE STORY OF SEVEN MONTHS' ACTIVE SERVICE UNDER HIS COMMAND

BY

H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

Illustrated by Drawings and Photographs by the Author

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON

HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED

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1905

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DS 517.1
V18

Yours truly
Septimus Wright

[*To face Dedication.*

TO ADMIRAL TOGO

and

The gallant Officers and Men of the

JAPANESE NAVY

this Book is Dedicated,

in token of the Author's gratitude for the many kindnesses he received at their hands, during his period of Service under the Flag of the Rising Sun

PREFACE.

So many books dealing with the war in the Far East have been published during the past year, that an addition to the list will, no doubt, be thought by many to be unnecessary. But although the public has been provided with many war books, these have all chronicled the operations of the armies, and have given little or no information regarding the naval side of the war. The Japanese authorities were not easily persuaded to let correspondents join the armies in the field, but for a correspondent to obtain permission to go aboard the warships and sail with the fleet seemed an impossibility. It was my good fortune to achieve the apparently impossible, for I served on one or other of Admiral Togo's ships from August, 1904, until last February. It was a privilege that was extended to no other correspondent, and, indeed, to no other foreigner save the British naval attachés, who were the only representatives of foreign powers so privileged. The Japanese sailors, from Admiral Togo himself down to the youngest seaman, treated me with the greatest kindness and did all in their power to make my sojourn among them a pleasant and happy one, and, in addition, I was given every facility for witnessing the operations and studying

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WITH TOGO.

CHAPTER I.

Off to Japan—Arrival at Yokohama—Tokyo—Waiting for permission to go to the front—Cherry blossom season—Burial of Commander Hirose—The meeting with the Japanese Admirals.

ON March 5th, 1904, I left England on a journey to Japan to try and see something of that Navy which has since become world-renowned. The task before me was not easy, and I was told by everyone that it would be impossible for a foreigner to obtain permission to go aboard the Japanese warships. To the war correspondent, however, the word "impossible" is unknown. I carried in my pocket-book letters from Sir W. Armstrong, Noble & Co., of the far-famed Elswick works, to the Minister of Marine at Tokyo, and other influential officials, so that I was in possession of credentials that would, at least, be helpful to me, and, notwithstanding the pessimistic utterances of my friends, I was hopeful of success.

One journey is much the same as another, and the trip to Japan has been written and talked about *ad nauseam*, so that I will not weary my

readers with a long description of the voyage and journey across Canada. At Vancouver I was delayed one day, waiting for a mail, and the Canadian Pacific Company's ship *Empress of India* carried me the remainder of the journey to Japan. Notwithstanding severe weather and cold, the trip was delightful, and cricket, deck-billiards, and even bowls, tended to relieve the monotony of the voyage, and keep the digestion fit to enjoy the ample and luxurious bill of fare provided by the company. Among my fellow passengers were several British officers and their families, a few diplomats and a number of Japanese officers—the first I had met. Amongst these Japanese was a prince and several officers and attachés from the different capitals of the world, some of whom were sailors. Among the latter was Captain Sakai, one of the ancient *Daimios*, on his way home from St. Petersburg, where he had been stationed. He was a quiet, somewhat reserved man, and seemed really sorry that the war had broken out.

"I have so many friends in St. Petersburg," he said, "and only recently I said 'good-bye' to Admiral Makarof, who," he added, with rather a sad smile, "hopes to meet me in the Far East."

By the way, there is a story told about Makarof, who, as most people are aware, was one of the signatories at the Treaty of Shimonoseki, after the China War. During the discussion of the terms of the treaty the Japanese suggested that they should retain Port Arthur and occupy the Liao-

tung Peninsula. Makarof sprang to his feet and, laying his sword across that part of the map, cried vehemently, "Never!"

The first thing that struck me about the Japanese was that they look 'thorough-bred,' and my subsequent experience of them confirms my early opinion. Only a few of these spoke English, but they all could speak German and French fluently. On some of our fair passengers expressing fear at the possibility of being captured by the Vladivostock Squadron, they smiled and shrugged their shoulders. Their Intelligence Department, which is one of the most wonderful branches of their perfect organisation, was apparently well informed on this point, but it struck me at the time that the Rooskis could have made a valuable bag had they come our way. The Russian cruisers, however, stayed at home, and we made Japan safely. We were piloted over the mine fields which protected Tokyo Bay and anchored in the fine, spacious harbour of Yokohama on April 5th. The boat was instantly boarded by a number of Japanese families, who came off in the curious sharp-nosed boats to greet their kinsfolk. I landed at 5 o'clock and put up at the Oriental Hotel for the night.

The following morning I proceeded to Tokyo to present my credentials, which occupied the greater part of the day, and in the evening I went to the Metropole Hotel, which I made my headquarters, the Imperial being already overcrowded.

There are plenty of Japanese hotels in Tokyo, but only a very limited number of "foreign" ones. The Imperial, of course, is the most important of the latter, and it has the advantage of being much nearer to the embassies and public offices, and consequently is the best for correspondents. I had the honour of being made a member of the Tokyo Club on my arrival, an honour that is specially gratifying to a correspondent, for telegrams and war news are received at the club earlier than anywhere else in the town. There, too, one meets most of the Japanese politicians and officials, who are as fine-looking and well-tailored a lot of gentlemen as it is possible to see anywhere. Their hospitality is unbounded, and their kindness to strangers within their gates proverbial. I confess that I felt drawn towards these charmers of Tokyo, if such an expression can be applied to the sterner sex, and everyone who knows them will bear me out in saying what delightful people they are.

Finding myself established in Tokyo, I set to work at once. First I sought out Captain Boyle, an Elswick man, and one of the British officers who brought out the two cruisers *Nishin* and *Kasuga*, which have since done such splendid service. (These are Elswick ships and the name of the greatest firm of shipbuilders has not suffered from their performances.) My object was soon explained, whereat he shook his head.

"They won't let you go near their dockyards or arsenals, much less allow you to go on any of their ships. Why!" he said, "they won't even let the foreign naval attachés see anything."

This was a "facer," but the interests of the firm required me not to let such an opinion as this deter me, so I set to work at once to write to various officials so as to get the ball started. Also there were the agents to be consulted. Mr. Bell, the hospitable representative of Jardine Matheson, lived at Yokohama, so to Yokohama we went, where I was introduced to him. On hearing my wishes he looked surprised and expressed great doubts about the Admiralty even entertaining such a proposition.

"We can but get a refusal," I persisted.

We then discussed the matter earnestly, and a line of action was decided upon. I need not enter into the various details, but I may say that I was fortunate in securing the interest of Mr. Takata, a Japanese merchant, and one of the best known and most influential men in Tokyo; and also of Mr. Kondo, another rising young man. The result was a direct application to the Minister of Marine, and I could do nothing then but wait and hope, although my case was of very little importance compared with the great issues and events which the Government had on hand. I passed the time visiting my colleagues of the newspapers, studying the Japanese, and thoroughly appreciating and enjoying the many beauties of

quaint Tokyo. There are numerous public parks and gardens to be visited, fêtes, theatres, and other places of interest and amusement.

Japanese thoroughness is noticeable everywhere in Tokyo; and even to looking after the trees. These are most carefully pruned and protected from the ravages of time and the weather. If a big limb is cut off, the stump is preserved by a large cap not unlike a big ferrule, fitting tightly on the stump which prevents the rain from rotting the branch. Unsightly gaps in old trunks are stopped with cement as carefully as a dentist might fill one's teeth, and it keeps the trees in a healthy condition.

The bazaars, huge emporiums wherein all the curios and wonders of Nippon may be seen and purchased, are an unfailing source of delight to the European, with their elaborate system of gates to keep the crowd always moving in the same direction and passing by the stalls in regular succession. This excellent system prevents crushing. The salesmen never bother anyone to buy, and they always look bright and happy. If you buy there is a profusion of thanks; if you do not, there are pleasant looks. To some of these bazaars are attached gardens where the world-famed dwarf trees are exhibited in pots for sale, and there are also ponds where sluggish gold-fish of the multi-tailed species sleep and dream all day in the clear water, rarely disturbing themselves except when the dip-net splashes down amongst them. Nearly every Jappy boy possesses

a goldfish. He tends and cherishes it, trying to keep it alive and healthy as long as possible, and comparing it with the finny favourites of other boys. This and their love for flowers constitute the chief charms of Nippon's children, and they always seem so kind and considerate one to another, that I do not think one can really find a bad boy in the whole country. It is the result of the national training. Everyone is obedient: the child to the parents, little children to their elder brothers and sisters, and the girls and the women to their husbands and brothers. Old people are always treated with respect and tenderness amounting to reverence. The workhouse system is unknown in Japan and would be resented as a national disgrace. Every child supports his aged parents as a matter of duty, and, consequently, one sees everywhere happy old age, and merry youth. How long, I wonder, will it be ere iron-hearted commercialism, which is gradually sapping the best feelings of the people, blights and destroys the generous, human characteristics which today are so strong in this delightful race? Let Nippon beware of its insidious advance and try to sustain the old, high principles in the age of golden prosperity which is now dawning.

They take their time at most Government offices, and Tokyo is no exception to the rule, but with the anxieties of the present conflict there is every excuse for them. At last I received a letter from the War Minister, informing

me that my application must be forwarded through the British Minister. I called and saw Sir Claude Macdonald, and he listened to my wishes with a kindly smile and promised to use his best endeavours on my behalf.

"You are not the only one," he added, and he spoke of the heart-breaking difficulties of the correspondents and attachés. I returned to my hotel, wrote my official application, and then there was nothing for me to do but wait.

Tokyo was undergoing a transformation. The much, and justly, lauded cherry blossom was just bursting into bloom. The Japanese are very proud of their beautiful national emblem, and with good reason. Cherry blossom season is the sweetest in the year, for Spring is just beginning, the winter sky is softening into a fresh, bright, joyous tint, and the sunlight vibrates, quickening tender buds into life. In the morning when one awakes, the country is covered as though with a soft pink snow, birds carol merrily and all Japan turns out to admire and contemplate the beauties of nature. Up the river is the place to see the trees at their best. As you drift along in the sampan, the blue sky with a sea of pink blossom beneath, both reflected in the warm yellow of river, form a colour picture quaint, rare and beautiful. Along the banks throngs of gaily dressed Jappy girls chatter and laugh in the fulness of their joy, and the very fragrance of the cherry flower seems exhilarating. The scene is charming and picturesque, the only discordant

Group: Captain Kimura, officers, and men on the deck of the cruiser, off Port Arthur.

Assist. Paymaster Ohnó. Captain Kimura. Commander Yonehara.

A Russian field cemetery, Port Arthur.

In the dockyard, Port Arthur, showing the damage done by a shell.

[*To face page* 8.

note being the European black umbrella which many of the Japanese carry, using it as a parasol. Imagine a kimono with this common-looking utility of the West! And their native sunshade so dainty and graceful. In the gardens the scene was the same—all flowers and dainty maidens wildly happy. It made me feel young again looking at them.

The days passed, very little news of the war ever coming through, although the *Gogei*, or special edition man, ran shouting through the streets to the accompaniment of the bell stuck in his girdle. The correspondents had a weary time awaiting orders, but in the circumstances one could hardly expect much. My first bit of cheering intelligence came from Mr. Takata, who rang me up on the telephone one day to inform me that he had heard, unofficially, that my name was down for a trip to Port Arthur in the *Manchu Maru*. The trip was to be a sort of Government picnic on a large scale, although the numbers were to be strictly limited to members of parliament, foreign attachés, and a few correspondents. Apparently I was to be one of the favoured few special visitors. Takata told me not to speak of it, and in due course he would let me know the date and place of departure. In the meantime the blocking of Port Arthur was in progress, and public funerals of the heroes took place in Tokyo every few days. Most impressive were the ceremonial rites at the burial of Commander Hirose's remains. This gallant

officer succeeded in beaching his ship close under the batteries of Port Arthur, losing his life in the act. The Russians found his remains, which they sent to the Japanese lines, to be forwarded to Tokyo.

I now became a pretty constant visitor at the Admiralty, although I went to see and chat with my friends, not to bother them with my affairs. Admiral Saito, the Vice-Minister, is a good specimen of a Japanese sailor, big and burly and with a kindly face. He might easily have been mistaken for a sun-tanned British Admiral. I was introduced by him to Vice-Admiral Ijuin, who looked not unlike the great Prussian General Von Moltke. Admiral Ijuin presented me to an admiral with a head like Bismarck—Vice-Admiral Count Ito, of Chinese war fame. Arima came next, and he strongly resembled America's General Grant. These resemblances are remarkable, and I was very much struck by them. I was also introduced to Admiral Sason, and by the kind manner with which I was treated by all I felt sure that, when the time came, I should get my passports.

CHAPTER II.

Invited to join the *Manchu Maru*—She sails from Yokosuka—The Etajima Naval College—Ju-ju-si—Sasebo—Admiral Samijima—Arrival at Chemulpo—A visit to Seoul—Received in audience by the Emperor—At sea again—A night alarm—The naval engagement—The story of the Emperor's favourite.

My invitation to join the *Manchu Maru* duly arrived, and on June 12th I entered the *Shinbashi* (Tokyo railway station), where a special train was waiting to convey the party to Yokosuka, where the *Manchu Maru* was lying. Amidst the confusion and crowd (for we had a great "send-off") I soon picked out the foreign contingent, some of whom were showing the most desperate anxiety about their baggage. There is not much need for this in Japan, for if you leave things alone your Jappy henchman will bring you, and all your belongings, to your appointed seat in the train. At last we all got settled, and with a tremendous "Banzai" from crowds of well-wishers, we steamed slowly out of the station. At Shinegawa, the first stop, we met more enthusiastic friends, and the train made a long wait to permit our making our final adieux. Jocular sallies as to the possibility of

our being captured by the Russians caused shouts of laughter. Our merry detainers released us at last, and at Yokohama we picked up some more guests, who were heartily greeted by their Japanese hosts.

At 1 p.m. we drew up at a siding at Yokosuka, where the Japanese officers and bluejackets took charge of us and our baggage. Steam launches conveyed us to the *Manchu Maru*, which looked like a steam yacht as she lay at anchor a short distance from the dockyard. We were received on board by Captain Yamaguchi, the Commander, Captain Takarabe, who had accompanied us, having charge of our party. We soon settled down on board, and after a substantial lunch the syren sounded and the privileged few who had been allowed aboard to see the last of us left the ship. During lunch a steamer with the naval band, discoursing sweet music, cruised slowly round the ship. In the harbour two ships of the Japanese navy lay moored—a "mother ship," the *Toyo Maru*, and a cruiser of the second class, which had been built in the Yokosuka dockyards and had just completed her trial trips.

At 2 p.m. we weighed anchor and, preceded by the Government pilot, steamed through the mine fields. The strains of "Auld Lang Syne" was the last we heard of the band steamer, now shrouded in the mist. The afternoon turned out rainy, but as the wet season had begun we could hardly have expected anything else. But a wet t sea is never pleasant. The horizon

is contracted, and dry deck space limited. Some of us smoked, others looked to the stowing of their baggage in the cabins. The ship was crowded, each cabin being full, but I was fortunate in having only one "stable companion" —a young Oxford man. I was surprised to see that all the notices posted up in the ship were printed in Russian. Viscount Inouye was leaning over the rail, so I asked him the reason, and he told me the story of the ship. She had been a Russian, and belonged to a line of steamers, built in 1900, to carry passengers from Dalny and Port Arthur to Japan, in connection with the Siberian railway. At the outbreak of hostilities she was on the repairing slip at Nagasaki, was seized by the Government, and was the first of a very useful fleet of steamers, now running into three figures, which have been captured at various times since the beginning of the war. The Russian captain either destroyed or threw overboard the ship's papers, so that there is no authoritative information as to her tonnage and one or two minor details. It is thought, however, that she is about 3,500 tons. The decorations are very handsome, and the saloons are panelled with pictures in a mosaic of various coloured woods.

Our party numbered 55. The run to Kobe was without incident, although a magnificent rainbow glorified the ship as with a halo, which was an omen of a happy voyage. We remained at Kobe for the night, some of us going ashore to see the

celebrated waterfall and the mineral springs at Tokiwa. Lighted by the beams of the rising sun we entered the narrow channel of the Inland Sea, Japan's crowning beauty and, indeed, the loveliest piece of water in the world. It is a glorious panorama of sea and land and mountain, the blue water flecked with the white sails of innumerable golden-hued fishing boats. The custom of scrubbing the wood-work of these boats instead of painting gives them this beautiful harmonious colouring. Schooners and junks floated by as our gallant steamer steered slowly (for the benefit of the party) through the waters. The mountains looked curiously patched and mottled, an effect that is caused by the sand, a great belt of which runs through that part of the country. From an artistic point of view the dusky blue and gold of the mountains was singularly beautiful, although a practical American correspondent compared them with a mangy-backed mule!

On the day following, in the afternoon, we rounded the lovely Miyajima Island, sacred to the sea, where numbers of stone lanterns line the shore. Arrangements had been made for our party to land and visit the different show places. The chief "sight" is the Water Temple, which is built over the water in a tiny bay sheltered from the winds. The *Torii*, or Gate, stands by itself, majestic in its simplicity, and during the fêtes processions of boats file through it, bearing pilgrims to the shrine. I climbed the mountain with my friend Lieut. Matsumura, one of the heroes of

the early days, who had been severely wounded by a shell splinter on the *Mikassa*. The ascent was steep, especially towards the top, and the last few yards were a flight of stone stairs hoary with age. The cedars near the temple were particularly fine, and the sacred groves sheltered numerous deer, which were very tame. We dined at the Maple tea-house, which is a unique hostel—a fairyland of tiny houses in sheltered nooks and leafy retreats, which span the bright, clear stream and form ideal little dining-rooms. The place is lighted with electric light. We were shewn into one of the little houses over the stream, and were not kept waiting long ere our dinner was brought. It consisted of the usual soup, fish, rice and stewed beef and vegetables—an improvement on bœuf à la mode. The Geisha girls were in attendance to pour out our *saké* and while away the evening with their singing and dancing. They are a picturesque addition to a dinner, for their position is something between hostess and waitress. Many of them are beautiful, and all are charming. They flit about, like great moths, in their picturesque parti-coloured kimonos, doing the honours with an elegance and grace which is peculiar to them. But we could not remain long in this fairyland, for we were to make an early start and visit Etajima, the Naval Training School, and see Kure, one of the arsenals.

The training school was most interesting and instructive. We anchored in the charming bay of Etajima, which is nearly land-locked and

sheltered by high mountains. The tide flows gently in this protected haven, and boating and bathing are perfectly safe. An old gunboat and a bathing raft were moored about a hundred yards from the jetty, and the college boats hung from davits along the sea wall ready for lowering. A small dock or basin runs into the grounds, and there lay the boat which brought back the crews from one of the steamers at the first blocking of Port Arthur. We were received by Admiral Tomaoka and the officials, and were conducted through the college buildings, which, well designed and beautifully decorated, are situated in grounds that are half gardens and half park. The main building is a long two-storied structure, and we entered the hall and walked straight through to a passage at the back (which runs the whole length of the building), and first looked in at the dormitories. In each were two rows of beds, with bedding folded, and mosquito curtains of green with a red border. The pillows were stuffed with tea leaves, which is said to be a specific for headache. Along the walls were rows of middies' chests, one of which was opened for our inspection. It was fitted with three tills, or trays, which when lifted up showed the kit neatly folded beneath. The Board room, or Council Chamber, was immediately over the hall, and its walls were decorated with framed photographs of various admirals. The space between the two windows was, however, reserved to the pictures of the Emperor and the Royal Family, from each of

Names of my messmates on another Japanese cruiser, Port Arthur, written on a handkerchief.

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which two purple tassels hung. The most interesting ornament in the room was a perfect model of a war junk, about ten feet long. This beautiful, though clumsy-looking, ship was fully rigged, one big sail hanging from the yards in lengths of silk, laced together instead of being sewn, and every detail was reproduced faithfully, even to the anchors and the ancient lanterns and streamers and pennants which hung from the masts. The temple, or shrine, graced the stern, while a row of pavilions or little cabooses with silken hangings filled the centre. These ranged between the fore and main masts, and were evidently the officers' quarters. The model of a modern battleship, near by, formed a striking contrast to this obsolete war vessel.

At Etajima the memory of heroic deeds is kept alive, for the blood-stained chart which we saw hanging on the wall was the identical chart which Captain Sakamoto was studying when he received his death wound from a Chinese shell at the battle of the Yalu, in 1895.

Below the dormitories are large airy classrooms, in which cadets, neatly dressed in white duck, are instructed, in English, in various subjects. It is worthy of note that as the long procession of visitors streamed past the open window, not one of all the hundreds of youngsters raised his eyes or took the least notice of the foreign invasion, so absorbed were they all in their tasks. The silence of the room suggested a convent at devotions rather than a college for naval cadets.

From the class-rooms we passed to a gallery containing some working drawings of engines, guns and field pieces, drawn by the students. Considering that they have only one hour a week allotted for this class of work we marvelled to see what had been done. In the model rooms, which we next visited, we saw working models of every engine in use on a battleship, and we were shewn a working model of an Elswick 6-inch gun, mounted and fitted with improved gear for running the gun in. As far as I could see in the short time allowed for inspection, the T beam for the runner was the same in every respect, but the pulley rope was attached to the trunnion, the running in being effected by means of a steel pulley instead of the chain.

In the next room we visited we saw a fine model of a battleship, complete in every detail, and then we entered the gymnasium, where we witnessed the far-famed Ju-Ju-si. The Japanese rightly attach the greatest importance to the study of this science—for it is nothing less. It consists of using the weak points in your opponent's attack to make him throw himself. To such perfection have some of these Ju-Ju-si wrestlers attained that they can, with ease, throw their opponents completely over the head. The scene in the gymnasium when we entered beggars description. There were some hundreds of human beings flying about in all directions, heads and limbs alternately appearing and disappearing. The noise of the falls, although the floor was

matted, prevented us from hearing one another speak. Squatting around the large hall were many more cadets resting until the professor should summon them to take their places on the floor again. We also were shewn the fencing with large two-handed single-sticks of bamboo. Masks and leather armour was worn, also padded gloves, but the arms were bare to the biceps. The cadets showed great skill in the use of this ancient weapon, and even now the Japanese use the two-handed sword with effect when charging the Russian trenches.

We next witnessed the big gun drill in a long shed constructed on the plan of a battle-deck, with 6-inch guns on the broadside and a 9-inch in bow. We saw some very smart work, for the loading and firing was done in the record time of eight seconds. The final performance was something quite out of the common, and Viscount Inouye explained its object to me by saying that the last aim of all Ju-Ju-si is to train to *fight*. Two goal-posts were planted, some 200 yards apart, and sides were picked. One half of each side defended its post, and the others made a dash for the opposite post. With a roar they attacked the enemies' post, and round these rallying points a scrum occurred to which ordinary Rugby football is child's play. They fought with fists—anything to capture the post. Some of them got badly mauled, but not a sound or complaint escaped them. It was, in fact, a mimic battle, fought in the best of tempers, although black

eyes, bloody noses and torn clothing testified to the roughness of the sport.

The official photographer grouped us around the muzzle of the 9-inch gun for a "snap-shot," and an excellent light lunch closed our visit to the training college.

We steamed away for Miyajima at 4 p.m., and once more the beautiful *Torii*, reflected in the glorious sea, hove in sight, blazing like a golden gate in the rays of the setting sun.

There was great excitement aboard the *Manchu Maru* on June 17th, for it was on that day that we first heard of the attack upon the transports by the Russian cruisers off the island of Oki shima. It appeared that if we had kept to our programme we should have run into the arms of the Russians, and, no doubt, included Vladivostock in our trip.

About 4 p.m. on the day we received this startling news we arrived and anchored in the roadstead of Matsuyami. There, in a drenching downpour of rain, we landed to visit the Russian prisoners, confined in various parts of the town. Matsuyami is beautifully situated at the base of a high wooded hill, on which stands the castle of the ancient *Daimio*. This castle was, at the time of our visit, occupied by soldiers, and, in consequence, we were not allowed to go over it. It was a great disappointment to many of us, as it is one of the finest specimens of ancient Japanese architecture.

The following day we left for the Straits of

Names of my messmates on the cruiser. Written on pocket handkerchief.

[To face page 2

Shimonosaki, and on arriving at Moji we heard the good news that the *Sado Maru*, one of the transports attacked by the enemy, had kept afloat and been towed in by junks. One thousand were saved and were then in the town. We passed her where she lay beached, with two steamers in attendance ready to refloat her.

On Sunday, June 19th, about noon, we entered the danger zone. The smoke of two steamers, hull down, gave us an unpleasant reminder of the scene which had taken place there some two or three days before, when the Vladivostock cruisers sunk the transports. One gentleman went so far as to produce his passport and explain that he was an American citizen. The exact spot where the disaster occurred was between Okishima, Oroshuna, and another island, the three forming an irregular oblique triangle, with the now historic island of Tusuma visible in the distance. Tusuma lies between Japan and Corea, and a strong naval base has been established there.

We continued our journey to Sasebo at 3 p.m., and were met by the picket torpedo-boat from that place, which escorted us to harbour. Admiral Superintendent Samijima invited us to sup with him and his Staff; the invitation was accepted, and we enjoyed a memorable evening. It was a glorious moonlight night, and the keen air was warmed by huge bonfires in iron crates and the scene illuminated by electric light. It was a " stand-up " supper, and the food was both

European and Japanese. The wine was handed round by bluejackets, and a novelty, even in that land of surprises, was given by the band, who left the stand and marched round the assembled guests. The latter, in groups, joined in until a never-ending ring of people followed round and round until the last " Banzai " was shouted.

Coaling ship began next day at 10.30, and Captain Yamaguchi informed us that lunch would be provided on shore, and steam launches were at the side to take us off at 11 a.m. Through the numerous transports that blocked the harbour we made our way and passed the torpedo " mother " in her official coat of dark grey, looming large among the shipping. The hospital ship, painted white with the broad green ribbon, sat lightly on the water, looking, as one of the officers said, " like a harmless dove." Junks and sampans swept past as we steamed to the entrance of the bay, and a long arm opened out into another haven, where half-a-dozen captured ships lay quietly moored awaiting the decision of the prize court. On a fir-clad point jutting into the sea, known as " the watering station of the navy," stood marquees decorated with flags of all nations, and under the green canopy a very good lunch was served. Servants from the ship waited, all knowing the peculiar tastes of each guest. We spent the rest of the day inspecting the dockyards and arsenals, where the usual feverish work was going on, the workmen earning 60 sen (about 1s.) a day and grumbling,

not for more pay but for more work. These people all work for their country. From end to end of the dockyards we tramped, hot and dusty, and saw the fine spacious docks in course of construction. We passed on to the store sheds where the food to keep the navy going was stowed in small quantities to ensure freshness. Each day 5,000 lbs. of bread is baked; each loaf weighs 1 lb. and is carefully wrapped in paper and packed in semi-circular baskets. The clothes of the bluejackets at the front are also sent here to be mended, which work is done by women. In another department, clothing was being cut out by tailors, and captured stores of tea and beef filled other huge go-downs to the roof.

Our next visit was to the hospital, where were about 300 patients, wounded and sick, from the front. It is a naval hospital, but if the military require its services they are freely given. Many of the patients were suffering from burns and shell wounds, being mostly men who had taken part in the blocking operations off Port Arthur. The arsenal was much the same as at Kure—casting, founding and repairing proceeding with feverish energy—but by far the most interesting sight was a quantity of very serviceable guns and munitions taken from the Russians, amongst them those recovered from the *Variag*. Guns, rifles, cartridges, shot, shell—every article in this collection of loot was carefully ticketed.

The long tramp was very tiring but quite repaid us, for this dockyard will soon compare

with any in the world. There is plenty of land and shallow water that can be reclaimed, and although Kure is the principal building yard, this will be the chief repairing station where ships of the fleet will rest and refit.

The next day I went ashore with Captain Takarabe to make a picture and interview the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Samijima. Samijima is a grand old man, with a fine head and very strongly-marked features; the mouth and chin are powerful and determined, but the kindly twinkle in his bright eyes told me that he possessed the sense of humour. Everyone echoed my sentiment that the best thing we saw at Sasebo was the admiral himself. He was not trained in England, being one of Japan's home-made admirals, but he spoke of England, which he visited just eleven years ago, and also of France, to which he once made a hurried trip to see how a cruiser ordered by his Government was progressing.

"How do you like Japanese food?" he asked me.

"Very much," I replied. "It has cured me of indigestion. Give me a pair of chopsticks and I'll show you how I can handle them."

The necessary implements not being procurable at the moment, I had recourse to a pair of penholders, with which I performed in a manner that surprised him and met his approval. Cigarettes were produced, and tea—the usual beverage—very weak, but most refreshing. Weak

tea is the best, and it would be a fine addition to the ration list of both our army and navy. Men do more on it than they possibly can on spirits. I sketched Samijima, smoking his cigarette by the side of the brazier which forms part of the furniture of every office, and afterwards he kindly took me off to the *Manchu Maru* in his barge, where, after mutual compliments and expressions of good-will, he left and we proceeded to sea. A Government tug with the Commander in Chief's band played us out of harbour, and we were escorted by two torpedo boats, who remained with us for twenty miles on our way to Chemulpo in Corea.

Fan painting is a Japanese accomplishment. I tried my hand, painting one for the Marquis Kuroda, the Emperor's representative on board the *Manchu Maru*. It turned out quite a success, giving great satisfaction, and in consequence I had plenty of demands on my time. On the way from Sasebo to Chemulpo, another interesting event occurred. I was the recipient of a present from Nabeshima. The present was a bottle of " Banzai " whisky !

On the 24th we arrived off the Corean coast, and the beautiful saffron sky with the delicate mauve of the rocks and islands were a picture never to be forgotten. Fishermen, with long hair done up like Japanese wrestlers, in picturesque boats—something between a junk and a sampan—gave life to the scene. The distant horizon was swathed with the smoke of numerous transports

all bound Dalny way. Our ship was making good speed (sixteen knots) and we took the outside channel, giving a wide berth to the numberless rocks and shoals of this second inland sea. It was very dangerous in the dark, being unlighted, for there are only two lighthouses along the coast, and both are at Chemulpo.

After breakfast the next morning I sketched the members of the upper house, but I was interrupted by the stewards announcing that the doctors were vaccinating in the saloon and ready to operate on anyone so desiring. It was an interesting scene, nearly all the Japanese and the British attaché, Captain Jackson, submitting to the operation, although most of us made excuses. It was, nevertheless, a wise precaution, as small-pox was raging in Corea and in fact over the whole territory occupied by our troops.

The same afternoon we passed a number of islands, a small archipelago, inhabited chiefly by fishermen. The biggest island is about six acres in extent and has three or four houses each with a little patch of barley cultivated by the tenant. The summit of this island is capped by a small wood, from which the people get their fuel.

A good deal of amusement was caused by reading out from the pool the guesses as to the date of the fall of Port Arthur. The concensus of opinion placed the fall about the 30th of August. We had no moments of ennui, for Captain

The game of "go bang" on the *Manchu Maru.*

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Takarabe did everything possible for the amusement of his guests. We had a lost property office, which was simply a hook in the bulkhead where the notice board hangs. Any articles found, such as pipes, pens, fans, etc., were hung up there until claimed. The fan always forms a part of the Jap outfit, and a very necessary one it is, as most of us discovered. The heat and flies rendered it indispensable. The difficulty of catering for the variety of tastes on board the *Manchu Maru* may be imagined, for among the fifty-five guests there were no less than ten different nationalities. The food was, however, mostly European and there were wines and cigars, so that we got along very well, although in conversation politics were strictly barred.

We passed a singular group of islands a little later, which is really an ancient crater with nothing but the broken lip projecting from the water. The tide there rushes about seven miles an hour, not unlike the race of Portland. The sea was a delicate blue-green, murky shades marking the shoals. A solitary cube stands out of the sea like a sentinel, in advance of the main group. After lunch, when on the spot where the first naval action of the present war was fought, we grouped for a photograph.

The Corean fishermen objected strongly to our back wash, gesticulating wildly as we passed them, and swearing violently. A big shark, the biggest I have seen, was busy at the carcase of a dead bullock, and flocks of screaming gulls hovered

over him. A few minutes before Captain Jackson, the naval attaché, spoke of taking a morning dip!

Chemulpo, with its long water front, lay before us creeping up the hill sides. The harbour was fairly full of shipping, and Britain, America and Italy were represented by men-of-war. The *Variag* was being raised from her watery bed, and the workers, like ants in number and industry, gave us a "Banzai" as we passed. Two other ships were peacefully settled in the mud. They rather interfere with the navigation of the harbour, and will shortly be raised or blown up. The steam launches from the British and Italian warships came alongside as we anchored to look up their respective attachés.

A tug boat had been engaged to take us ashore, and at 7.0 we landed for a couple of hours, wandering in the semi-darkness and smells. Many of the inhabitants were inclined to be hostile, but for what reason I do not know. Some of us went to the Chinese hotel, where we met Colquhoun, who had been in the *Haimoon*. He was correspondent for *The Times*, and was looking in good form after his arduous services. We tried to get hold of some news, but without success, and we left at 10.30 after getting a few stores that would be useful later on when we were thrown upon our own resources. The captain of the tug seemed uncertain as to the time he would get off. He had been ordered to start at 10.0, and it was

Chinese shrine on the island of Kojo-tau, Gulf of Pecheli.

Some of the blocking torpedo boats alongside the "mother" in a certain harbour.

Last of the Boatswain.
See page 82.]

Mustered for "lock-out" duty.
[*See page* 205.

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then 10.30. After a hurried debate as to whether we should take a boat or wait, it was unanimously decided to hire a sampan, in which we put off at once, the lusty crew sculling us to the encouraging song of "Sara ha! Sara heigh! Sara ha!" the frail vessel wobbling along at a good pace. The tides at Chemulpo are the worst dangers of the harbour, and as we passed the spot where a boat belonging to a British man-of-war foundered with all hands a few years ago, we thought of their fate, but bright moon-light flecked the wavelets, the tide swished gently, and we met with no mishap. The night was so still that we could hear the chiming of the ships' bells, far out in the roadsteads, and the harmonious chant of the working gangs on the sunken Russian cruiser. We made good way against the tide, fetching our ship as the bell was striking eleven.

The programme of our future movements was handed round, the most important item being a visit to Seoul, the capital of Corea. We also heard the good news that the Russians had been badly beaten again in the last fight, losing two torpedo boats by mines, and we learnt that, for the future, troopships were to be convoyed to guard against such misfortunes as befell the *Sado Maru* and her consort in the Corean Straits. The following day we were to attend the Mayor's reception, top hats and frock coats being *de rigeur*, and we were to leave the same evening, by special train, for Seoul. We left the ship at eleven, with our baggage, and it was an amusing

sight to watch the frantic efforts of the foreigner to hang on to his property. The excitement was put to an end by leaving matters entirely in the hands of our hosts. Landing at Chemulpo is rather a difficult matter, for the harbour is so shallow, and our boat, although it only drew two feet of water, was obliged to anchor, and we were transferred to sampans. Although only a few yards separated us from the broken jetty, it was nearly half-an-hour's work for our sampan to scull through the crowd of boats. M. Tomaiso headed a small deputation to welcome us, and very courteously he filled the office. The arrangements for our convenience and comfort were excellent, and our baggage was consigned to the Japanese Consulate, which saved us from all the worries of the Custom House. We followed our polite guides to the banqueting hall in the tea-house or hotel, which stood on a high bluff from which a magnificent view of the whole harbour was obtained. We were fortunate, too, in the fact that the tide was in, so that our noses were spared the foreshore smells. A large roofed verandah shaded the front of the hotel; here a few tables and chairs were placed for the foreign contingent. The floor of the huge hall was matted, and about 200 small cushions were arranged with great exactness, a card with the name of a guest being placed by the side of each. A touch of colour was added by strings of lanterns and flags bobbing about in the breeze which blew through the hall and cooled the air deliciously.

After we had taken our places the Mayor, in a formal speech, again welcomed us. The pretty waitresses, assisted by Geisha girls, then trooped in, bearing small low tables on which the food was tastefully arranged, one table being placed opposite each guest. No one began to eat until all were served, and the waitresses knelt down ready to give any assistance, from pouring out the *saké* to lighting cigarettes. Speeches were made at intervals. One very interesting part of the entertainment was the explosion of a lot of crackers, which was intended to be a special compliment to the war correspondents. As Viscount Inouye remarked:

"They are always worrying to see fighting and smell powder, and we thought we would let them smell the powder now."

This little joke caused much merriment, and the feast ended with the health of the Emperor of Japan being drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

The tinkling of a *samisan* announced the beginning of the Geishas' songs and dances. Against a background of blue sky a group of girls, dressed in diaphanous robes, posed and pirouetted gracefully, the bright sunlight shadowing their lithesome figures amid flying clouds of softest silk. The announcement that the train started for Seoul at 3.45 broke up, somewhat abruptly, a most delightful entertainment.

There is a very nice club at Chemulpo at which I called, and I met there a friend who saw the fight between the *Variag* and the Japanese

cruisers. He said it was all over in forty minutes. The concussion of the guns broke several panes of glass in the buildings in the town, and the Coreans got very excited and dreamt of great things, amongst them the probability of becoming a naval power.

Corean railways are almost as rapid as our own Welsh lines, and although Chemulpo is only 30 miles from Seoul, the journey occupied nearly three hours. On arrival I drove straight to the Palace Hotel, where I put up. Our arrival meant much to the sedan chair and rickshaw men, and most of them were retained by members of the party for the whole day. I started sight-seeing on my own account early the next morning, not being due at the Palace audience until 12 o'clock. Seoul is little more than a collection of hovels. The men are tall and swagger along with much dignity, wearing the hat peculiar to the Corean tilted slightly at various angles. This hat is not put on the head but on a "shape," the "shape," like the hat, being beautifully made of very fine horsehair, and fitting so tightly that the skull appears to bulge over it. The long, white silk coat is not unlike a dress of the Josephine period, and the skirts float out as the wearer stalks along with his pipe and fan. The women wear voluminous petticoats and trousers, like their Chinese sisters, and turned-up slippers encase their small feet. When abroad in the street they veil their beauty and, at the ıme time, keep off the dust and flies, by throwing

A street scene in Seoul, Korea.

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a large cloak over the head and face. The children wear most brilliant colours, which, seen down long vistas of the Seoul suburbs, give one the idea of a flock of gorgeous macaws or parrots. Through the streets pass strings of ponies laden with all sorts of produce, and the everlasting Corean bull with a load that one would deem only an elephant capable of rising under. Dogs have a good time in Seoul. Many of them are decorated with broad bands of various colours, and they roam everywhere, seemingly allowed to do as they like. They are supposed by the Coreans to have souls, which accounts for the singular freedom which they enjoy. The houses are low pitched, with no attempt at ornamentation, except in some cases where a particularly fierce menagerie tiger is painted in staring colours. In an attempt to paper one house they had used newspapers of various ages and dates, a combination which seemed to gratify the pride of the owner, a tall, venerable-looking man, almost apostolic in appearance. The smells of Seoul are awful, sewage pits, wells and a dried fish store rivalling one another with noisome odours, and among the garbage and offal the younger generation plays happily.

Over the gates of the city stands a three-tiered pagoda, used in ancient times as a guard house and watch tower. The fine old iron gates are now rusting on their hinges, time and neglect have crumbled away the circular wall which defended the portal from frontal attacks, and

all the coping stones are broken. The whirr of the electric tram as it rushes through contrasts strangely with this picture of age and desolation. I boarded the tram and was whisked down to the hotel, passing the market which is held in the open street, and where Corean husbands were chaffering over onions and lettuces, the principal items of the family dinner. The all-pervading filth veneers the butchers' shops, and meat is hewn off anyhow in chunks, whilst the feet and head portions are whittled down and sold for soup or glue, there being no material difference in the flavour of either. The white-coated crowd moved leisurely out of the way of the tram-car, while the general traffic picked its way through piles of fish, vegetables, wood and other merchandise which fills an eastern market.

Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed to be at the palace, but the Emperor did not receive us personally on this occasion. The chamberlain and principal officers of the palace did the honours. The Emperor has two palaces; the one in the city is called the "Palace of Heaven" and the other the "Palace of Prosperity and Virtue." The latter is situated in a most charming spot outside the city, surrounded by a strong wall.

We were invited to the Palace of Prosperity and Virtue, and were received by a guard at the entrance, who inspected our passes and allowed us [illegible]o through. The scene inside resembled a [illegible] English landscape, the green under-

growth shaded by fine old trees such as might be seen in an English park. A broad, well-kept road winding through a glade of fir-trees brought us to an inner gate, where the Palace officials took charge of us. We were first received at the main entrance of the palace, a fine piece of Chinese architecture, brilliant with vermilion, green and purple, which all seemed to harmonise. Here a second official took our cards, which were handed to the Prime Minister, who shook hands with us before passing us on to some other officers who conducted us into the garden. There we were left to ourselves, and had some leisure to admire the lovely landscape gardening. Lotus ponds and quaint pavilions of various sizes and shapes dotted the grounds, and the whole garden was almost a counterpart of the familiar old willow-pattern plate. Lunch was served in the chief pavilion, a two-storied building, gorgeously painted and celebrated for the beauty of the red lacquer columns which support the main hall. A flight of stairs led to the upper apartment, where a cold lunch was laid out which would have done credit to Delmonico or Prince's. The Corean steward told me, with great pride, that it was cooked and laid out in European style, and that the Japanese were their instructors. There was champagne and other wines. The guests being numerous, space was limited, and everyone was not lucky enough to stand at the table. I managed to make friends with some Corean gentlemen, who, like myself, had come

in late, and we wandered about, with our chopsticks in one hand and a big plate in the other, collecting tit-bits. We then retired with them to the broad, low rail of the balcony, which fortunately was in the shade, and thoroughly enjoyed our pic-nic lunch together. In praise of the lunch I remarked:

"You owe a good deal to the Japanese."

"We owe everything," they said, "and under their beneficent rule and guidance Corea will become a great and prosperous province of the glorious Empire of Japan."

After lunch we wandered through the beautiful grounds, where cigars, coffee, and cool drinks seemed to appear like magic in every pavilion we entered. Our long ramble ended at a big rock, beneath which gushed forth a clear crystal spring that supplies the palace grounds. A strange Chinese poem is inscribed in bold characters on the face of this rock, and the translation is as follows:

PALACE OF PROSPERITY AND VIRTUE.

Three hundred feet high how far from heaven the waters descended!
Look yonder white rainbow rose and the current makes
The thundrous wind in ten thousand hills.

Our cameras were busy, and probably they were the first ever seen in this ancient glade. We returned to our palanquins and rickshaws and were driven off in a cloud of dust, our departure being witnessed by a crowd of Coreans, who actually removed their pipes in their staring

wonder. The day closed with a brilliant reception at the Japanese Club.

The following day we received our cards of invitation for the Emperor's audience. This was to be held in the Palace of Heaven at 3.30 the same afternoon. Our kind hosts told us to be at the Hotel de Palais early, and they would guide us. Most of our party started in jinrickshaws, but palanquins of ancient construction and painted a dead black seemed to be the favourite conveyance of the élite of Seoul. We started through the narrow dusty street, palanquin bearers and rickshaw men jostling each other in their endeavours to be first at the Palace. We alighted at the gateway to perform the remaining short distance on foot. Some time previously the palace had been burnt down, but a temporary building had been erected for the purpose of receiving foreign dignitaries.

We were first shown into the large hall, where doors opened into a number of reception rooms. Into one of these the official directed us, shaking each of us by the hand as we passed in. Cigars, sweetmeats and tea were served, but, considering the temperature, the latter might have been dispensed with. The furniture and decorations were in the Tottenham Court Road style, but two magnificent globe vases of Cloisonni enamel contrasted strangely with the shoddy appearance of the rest of the room. The master of the ceremonies arranged the order in which the presentation was to take place, and the ushers beckoned us to-

wards a doorway with a portière curtain, which was swept aside as we entered the presence of the Son of Heaven. On a raised daïs at the further end of the room, between the two windows, stood the Emperor and the Crown Prince before a magnificently embroidered silk screen. The Court consisted of the chief eunuch, a tall, misshapen piece of humanity who lolled against one of the gorgeous pillars, and two military attachés who kept well in the background.

The Emperor is a stout, rather jovial-looking man, with some dignity, but the merry twinkle in his small eye betokens the *bon vivant*. The Crown Prince looked rather vacant, and did not seem to interest himself in the proceedings in the least. He has a weakness for garlic, and to counteract the pungent odour he always chews a piece of ginger, which he rolls in his mouth like a sailor does his quid of tobacco. The dress of both father and son was similar—white Corean robes and the peculiar head "shape." As we passed we gave two bows to the Emperor and one to the Crown Prince. Some of our number bowed with considerable deference to the eunuch! At the conclusion of the ceremony we drove to the official residence of the Japanese Minister, where we had supper. This was served *al fresco* and eaten with chopsticks. The band from the palace played operatic selections, and a telegram was read from Admiral Togo announcing a second defeat of the Russian Navy, which news was a splendid ending to our day. The following day

we returned to Chemulpo and the ship, and early the morning after we started under easy steam for a secret destination.

This proved to be a wild-looking bay called Haiju, which was the secret base of Admiral Togo during the early part of the war. (It may be remembered that Russian reports accused England of lending Admiral Togo Wei-hai-wei.) The beauty of this place is its secrecy. Admiral Togo used it as a telegraph station, and although it is seventeen hundred miles from Tokyo, messages got through in ten minutes. Takarabe kindly allowed us to land, but warned us not to go into the grass on account of the vipers which are very numerous. The officer in charge of the station showed us round, and we came back to the ship loaded with wild flowers.

We continued our journey the next day, but were stopped by fog—a real Corean fog. We remained hung up by this for about three days. Everyone who has experienced a fog at sea knows the deadly dulness it occasions, but two Japanese artists named Toji and Murasi helped to while away the time by showing us some delightful specimens of their handiwork, turning out trees and flowers like magic. One especially good example was a spray of white chrysanthemums on white paper. Some of us set to work in imitation of them. But I am afraid our first efforts were rather clumsy.

One night lights were seen and heavy firing heard across the water. There was at once a

rush from all parts of the ship, and boats' crews stood by the falls prepared to lower in an instant. The excitement, however, soon subsided, when Takarabe decided that, fog or no fog, he would start, and seventeen knots an hour soon placed us out of danger of being captured. I had turned in early, and about nine o'clock my boy rushed into the cabin and hurriedly began screwing in the dead light, explaining something about a flash light and a man-of-war. Here was more excitement, and I groped my way on deck, where I found that all lights were out. In breathless silence, groups of figures were looking eagerly and anxiously ahead. We heard the guns again and saw the search-lights. Had the Russian fleet come out? Or were they the Vladivostock cruisers searching for us? We continued steaming at full speed, and, although our distance from the firing was not great, the fog concealed us. Further alarms continued from time to time during the night, most of the guests remaining on the deck or in the saloon till after midnight. In the morning an array of bottles in the saloon proclaimed the earnestness of the discussion that had taken place as to what course the Russians would pursue in case they captured us.

On Saturday we anchored in the friendly waters of Haiju Bay once more. The correspondents were, of course, anxious to send off the news of the fighting, but Takarabe would not permit them to do so.

Landing at Pinyang.

View from Pipari Island, Chinambo, Korea.

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"This is intelligence," he said, "and we don't wish the Russians to have any idea where we are or what we are up to."

When any important news came on board the fire bell was always rung to let everyone know. A furious ringing proclaimed one day that a *gogei* was to be read out. Captain Takarabe was in the saloon, and with the help of a blackboard he charted and explained the positions of the fleets in the recent battle. He also gave us the unwelcome intelligence that the Russian cruisers from Vladivostock had been sighted in the neighbourhood, and had been attacked by our torpedo destroyers, but with what result was at present unknown. This was evidently the engagement we had seen and, being only a transport, had fled from. The younger members of our party were getting restless and chafed at our inaction, but there was no help for it, for the Russians were particularly anxious to recapture our ship, especially now that it had so many prominent men on board, and we could not afford to run any risks.

Towards the afternoon great excitement was caused by the appearance of five steamers making for the bay, but they turned out to be Japanese transports, one of them carrying relief crews for the Port Arthur fleet. These ships, like ourselves, had come in to wait for news, and soon afterwards we heard that the Vladivostock squadron was homeward bound. We now made a fresh start, steaming up the river. Before noon the following day we brought up at Chinnambo.

This place, under the Japanese, is already becoming a large and influential city, but our object in going there was to push on to Pinyang, the ancient capital of Corea. The first shot of the war was fired at Chinnambo, the Japanese driving out the few Cossacks who were stationed there. The principal residents and officers entertained us with the regal prodigality to which we were becoming accustomed.

The first stage of our trip to Pinyang was aboard the comfortable roomy steamer *Kiodo Maru*. The river Tai-dō-kō (which means "big similar river") waters the plains of Pinyang, the latter name meaning "crop ground." Stretches of mud flats backed by mountains is the general character of the scene from the river, on which many fishing boats, mostly fishing for prawns, were busy as we steamed up stream. Higher up the country changed, wide, fertile plains taking the place of the mud flats. This was the beginning of the Valley of Pinyang—probably the finest rice country in the East. The banks looked very much like those of the upper reaches of the Thames, with the quiet back-waters and shady nooks.

The *Kiodo Maru* was unable to get nearer to the city than three or four miles, owing to the sudden shallowing of the river. The small paddle consort came alongside, and we transhipped. At four o'clock we anchored opposite the gates of Pinyang, which is a typical Chinese walled town. T[illegible]ttlements were crowded with apathetic

white-robed spectators, as were the few houses outside. This changeless apathy of the Coreans contrasts very strongly with the untiring, bustling energy of our hosts. Japanese police were lined in front of the crowded walls and songs of welcome were sung by neatly-dressed school girls. The progress that has been made at Pinyang and elsewhere in Corea since the Japanese came is marvellous. Corea is in transition, and rapidly becoming civilised under the touch of these magicians—these Britons of the East. Over a bridge of boats between the steamer and the shore we trooped, squeezing our way through the ill-favoured crowd to the gateway, where the crowd was even thicker on account of the rain. The reception was held in a wind-swept chamber of the watch-tower. Afterwards we made a progress through the principal street (which was little better than an irregular trail trodden deep in the mire), the ribs of our umbrellas hooking in the eaves of the houses, many of which were worse than dog kennels. I saw donkeys and pigs in the family apartments, and the people live in indescribable filth. The Town Hall served as head-quarters of the army, and there we were received by the Commander-in-Chief and shown various specimens of the country's produce and manufactures.

Our next objective was the battlefield of the 1894–5 war, on the summit of which stands a monument to the fallen heroes of Japan. The little enclosure, shaded by fruit trees, is well

looked after, and, when we had inspected it, we wandered among the ancient groves of pine trees. We saw, also, the tomb of Prince Ki-Tzi, which is said to be thirty-two centuries old. The highest point of the battlefield is 700 feet, and there the walls of the city join in an acute angle. The view is charming, a Turner tree stands up boldly against the sky and the landscape includes mountain, wood, water, plain, and the ruins of old cities.

By the time we had seen all that was to be seen, hunger began to make itself felt, and we adjourned to an old house where an ample meal awaited us. It is said that many years ago a celebrated Chinese scholar, one Kin-too-gen, came to this house to read some of the old poems which decorate the walls and are contained in a printed book kept there. Feeling that none of the poems adequately described the beauty of the scene he became inspired. Going out on to the verandah he wrote these two lines :

Facing the castle there runs a mighty stream with heavenly eternity.
Toward the east of a vast plain mountains are dotted here and there.

The beauty of the place, and probably the reaction after the inspiration had left him, affected him so that he wept bitterly and ran away.

Pinyang is celebrated for the beauty of its women, and it is there that the Emperor selects his concubines from the school for the training of this class of women. Since the Japanese have

Viscount Inouye at the tomb of the Chinese Prince Ki-Tzi, Pinyang.

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a young bull surrounded by a group of children. The bull resented the familiarity, and, lowering his head, bore down upon the photographer in full charge. The photographer escaped, and the farmer apologised courteously, explaining that our black coats had frightened the bull, as he had never before seen any but white.

We made the acquaintance of the squire of the district, a boy thirteen years of age. He asked us to take him to see the ship, and I, not knowing the habits of the country, referred to him as a boy, which the youth evidently greatly resented, and which was, of course, interpreted to him. A Japanese friend of mine said :

" You will offend him very much if you call him a boy. He is a young Corean gentleman, and has a wife fourteen years old, and owns a great deal of property."

When at Pinyang the history of the Emperor's favourite was told to me. It is a romantic story, and so essentially Eastern that it reminds one of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

This favourite is of very humble origin, her parents being so poor that they found it difficult to support their children, and at the age of thirteen she entered the service of a lady of the Court as a drudge, her principal duties consisting of cleaning out the sewers and boiling rice. But she did not long remain in this menial employment, for, one day, being commanded to dress her mistress's hair, she displayed such skill in the execution of the task that her mistress was

very pleased and never permitted her hair to be dressed by anyone else. The other ladies of the Court—for women are much alike all the world over—were not slow to notice the elegant appearance of the lady's coiffure, and it was not long ere the poor girl had a clientèle that embraced nearly all the chief ladies of the land. Perhaps it was her imperial dignity that prevented the late Empress from expressing her feminine curiosity and envy until her coiffure was the only one in the palace that showed no trace of the magic touch of the hairdresser girl. Then, however, she lost no time in ordering the girl to be brought to her, and from that day forth her coiffure was worthy of the imperial head which it adorned.

The hairdresser girl now lived in the palace in constant attendance upon the Empress, and it was not long ere the Emperor noticed her and fell under the influence, not of her hairdressing, but of her personal charms. A secret intimacy grew up between them and continued uninterrupted, until it was discovered by the Empress. The Empress was a very jealous woman, and with the knowledge of the intrigue between the Emperor and her hairdresser her anger arose, and she turned the girl out of the palace with contumely.

The sudden loss of the services of one who made them appear beautiful in the eyes of the Corean gentlemen caused great consternation among the ladies of the Court, and they put their heads

together—heads that now, alas ! were indifferently dressed—and each agreed to do all in her power to induce the Empress to forgive the girl and admit her to the palace again. My informant said that the persuasions of the Court ladies had the desired effect, for the Empress yielded reluctantly, and agreed that the girl should return, but I have no hesitation in saying that, in this particular, he was incorrect, for it is obvious to the simplest mind that her poorly-dressed hair had broken the spirit of the Empress, and that she sighed for the elegant coiffures that had added to her imperial dignity.

So the hairdresser girl entered the palace again and resumed her services to the ladies of the Court. Now the royal palaces of Asia are seldom free from intrigue, and the Court of Seoul has always been excessively Asiatic. Soon after the girl's return to the palace the enemies of the Empress made things so uncomfortable for Her Majesty that she left the Court hurriedly and lived in a remote place in as unostentatious a manner as possible. With her departure the little hairdresser rose in the favour and the affections of the Emperor, so that she occupied in the palace a position but a little lower than that which the Empress had filled. But her day of glory was short-lived, for the Empress' faction again got the upper hand, Her Majesty returned—evidently with a determination to pay off old scores—and the girl fled for her life.

She was about twenty-seven years of age at

the time of her flight from the palace. In her short life she had ascended the social ladder beyond the dreams of ambition, and now she fell from her high position to the lowest rung. She took refuge with an old friend, a laundry woman, and supported herself by making "cake"—a composition of inferior green peas and rice—and selling it to the common people. It was not a remunerative business, and soon she was reduced to wearing old rags. Her friend the laundry woman could not help her, for she, too, had fallen on bad times, and only earned enough to keep herself from starvation. Providence came to the rescue of the girl in the person of Kaw, a poor clothes dealer of Seoul, who wished to wed her. In her sore distress she agreed; they were secretly married, and in course of time she became the mother of a boy and a girl.

After many months a lady of the Court learnt the whereabouts of the hairdresser girl, and at once visited the house of Kaw, where she was made happy by once more having her hair dressed in the inimitable manner. She visited the house often, and began to take an interest not only in Kaw's wife's hairdressing, but in the worthy Kaw himself, and by way of atonement to the injured wife took steps to bring about her return to the Court. The death of the Empress, on October 8th, 1895, enabled her to gain her end, and once more the girl entered the palace.

She was now supreme in the Emperor's favour, for she had no rival, but it is sad to relate that as

she occupied the exalted position of the late Empress so she developed the jealousy that had characterised her predecessor. Soon after her son, Prince Yin, was born (October 20th, 1899), one of her spies reported that the Emperor and a lady, whose name, in English, is Moonlight, had appeared to get too much enjoyment from their friendly conversation at one of the State banquets. She promptly had Moonlight arrested and tortured, although after this somewhat forcible intimation of disapproval she set her free. Another unpleasant incident occurred when the ladies of Pinyang (famous for their beauty, bravery and musical accomplishments) were invited to the palace. The Emperor unfortunately drank more wine than was his wont, and in the enthusiastic expression of his pleasure at entertaining the Pinyang ladies, he seized the hand of one of them. The spies at once reported this regrettable occurrence to the hairdresser girl, and the Pinyang ladies advised their friend to go home to Pinyang. With characteristic bravery the lady refused.

"There is no greater honour," she declared, "than to be permitted to clasp the Emperor's hand, and having done so I do not fear to die."

The other Pinyang ladies (who appear to have possessed common sense as well as their more attractive accomplishments) endeavoured to persuade her, and at last she consented to flee from the palace. It was said, however, that she was "lost on the way," which is the cautious

Corean way of stating that one of the hairdresser girl's emissaries had waylaid and murdered her.

The hairdresser girl is now fifty years of age. She is paramount in the palace, and is looking forward to the day when she will be officially recognised as Empress, and her son, Prince Yin, acknowledged heir to the throne.

CHAPTER III.

The skill of Dr. Yabi—We sail for Togo's base—"A certain place"—A trip to Talienwan Bay—A visit to the flagship—Admiral Togo—The Vladivostock squadron out again—Return to Japan.

WHEN we got back on board the *Manchu Maru* we received the cheering intelligence, by telegram, that "the Russian Squadron passed the Corean Straits bound for Vladivostock July 1st." This was the date of our scare when we ran back to Haiju.

Our ship had coaled and watered and we started for the Yalu. The military authorities invited us to Antung, the head-quarters of that district, and after that we should practically look after ourselves, hiring our own junks to do the remainder of the journey to Ku-heu-chung, the scene of the first and most important battle. It was at Ku-heu-chung that the Japanese showed the world that their soldiers were equal to their sailors—that they had learnt lessons from Germany as well as from England. The anchorage at the mouth of the Yalu is protected by shoals and rocks, and the intricate channel is always changing. The hospital ship *Yokohama*

Maru and several transports and other steamers were lying there. Unfortunately the Marquis Kuroda and Dr. Yabi, who were laid up by typhoid fever, which it was supposed they had contracted at Seoul, left us to be nursed aboard the hospital ship. To Dr. Yabi I owe a debt of gratitude. For nine months I had been troubled by a growth on the lower lid of my left eye which three or four doctors had decided was a polypus, to remove which it would be necessary to cut down to the cheek bone. I did, as a matter of fact, go to a hospital to have the operation performed, but, the surgeon being away, the operation was postponed. In the meantime I started on this trip, and Dr. Yabi, noticing the eye, asked if I were treating it. I told him I intended having it operated on when I returned.

"What for?" said he.

"For polypus," I replied.

"Pardon me," he returned, "but I don't think it is polypus. Will you allow me to see it?"

After a short examination he said:

"I will give you a wash which will, I think, cure it."

He gave me the stuff, and after ten days' application the growth came out whole.

To our great disappointment the military authorities were unable to carry out their kind plans for us, for we received orders to start for Admiral Togo's base, there to await instructions. While we were passing the spot where the big

Chinese battle took place in 1894, we carried two of the survivors in triumph round the decks, Captain Yamaguchi being one, and the other a petty officer.

The same day we passed several groups of islands and right ahead lay a long, high island. Behind this island lay the mystery known to the world only as "a certain place"—the rendezvous of Admiral Togo's fleet. Rounding a high, gloomy point, the "certain place" lay revealed to foreign eyes for the first and only time. Long lines of warships, with steam up ready for instant action, lay there, the redoubtable *Mikassa*, flying the flag of Admiral Togo, heading the line. The scene, for a moment, took our breath away. Dream-like the ships looked, shrouding the bay with smoke, yet they conveyed an awful impression of power and strength that appalled the mind. I have seen many naval reviews, but never have I gazed on a sight so impressive as these steel-clad ships which, like some fabled monsters, breathed forth fire and smoke. The placid haven wherein they lay was secured from attack by booms and mines which closed the ways of approach, and all the time wireless telegraphy was bringing news of every move made by the Russians who were shadowed by the Admiral's swift cruisers. High over the fleet frowned a huge segment of rock, strongly resembling Gibraltar.

Glasses and telescopes were busy aboard our ship. The hitherto dissatisfied and impatient

members of our company were content. At last we were really within the area of active operations. At any moment we might be actors in a battle that would settle the fate of nations. About twenty miles from these islands, Manchuria with all its blood-stained mysteries showed peaceful and quiet, the white cliffs gleaming like the English coast. In a sheltered bay a big army camp was established, towards which we steered, our hopes running high at the prospect of landing. But when within signalling distance we received a message ordering us to return and anchor, so that after a memorable, though in the end rather disappointing day, we took up our moorings in the outer anchorage, under the protecting guns of Admiral Togo's fleet.

That same evening Takarabe came on board again. He had been up to see General Nogi, the commander-in-chief of the investing army at Port Arthur, and he promised to let us know the result of his mission on the following day. We then learnt that he had been to the front and seen the opposing armies within eight miles of each other, and that on account of the difficulties in capturing some of the forts Port Arthur was likely to hold out for some time longer. In consequence, our proposed visit to Dalny and Talienwan had to be abandoned, for a time at any rate. He told us, further, that as there was a possibility of a Russian raid we were to shift our anchorage, and this was at once carried out, the *Manchu Maru* steaming back to a

sheltered and retired bay at the rear of Admiral Togo's position.

A number of fishing junks came alongside, and it was very amusing to watch the deals in fish. Not a moment's credit was allowed, the Chinamen hanging on to the fish with one hand until the coin was safely in the palm of the other.

There was great consternation when the following notice appeared on the notice board: "This ship is immediately to return to Nagasaki." This was a crushing blow. We had come so near the front, and yet were to return without actually getting there. I heard privately that the reason of our return was that the Russians were about to make some important movement and that our position might become critical at any moment. Our hopes were soon raised again, for about 10 p.m. we received a signal to the effect that Admiral Togo would receive us on board his flagship some time on the morrow, but first we were to be allowed to steam within 10 miles of Port Arthur, to view the general scene of operations. After this, we were to join Togo at another rendezvous—in the Blonde Islands, escorted by the cruiser *Tsukai*, Japan's first ship of the new navy.

We proceeded towards Talienwan Bay, where we saw flotillas of destroyers and torpedo boats going to or returning from their positions on the blockade. We steamed back towards our meeting pl[illegible] by noon we observed the *Mikassa* and

A snapshot in the dark. Admiral Togo and myself having a yarn on the *Mikassa*.

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were brought in, and he drank to our health, wishing us a safe journey back to Japan.

The *Mikassa* looked so clean and smart that she might almost have been ready for inspection off Spithead instead of within the sound of the Russian guns, which boomed sullenly at intervals throughout the day. The band played a typically English programme as we sat in groups with the Japanese officers about the deck. The only visible sign of the *Mikassa* having been in action was a shell wound in the mainmast. Before leaving, we were shown round the ship, and the whole crew seemed to show the traces of the anxious, vigilant six months that I had noticed in Admiral Togo. Very few of them ever got more than four hours' sleep in one night.

On our return to the *Manchu Maru* the anchor was speedily weighed, and our head pointed to Japan. Without adventure we got to Nagasaki, where our plans underwent another alteration, owing to the Vladivostock Squadron coming out again on the war-path. We had to change our course, returning by the Inland Sea and leaving the Pacific route in the hands of the enemy. The report from head-quarters ran: "Vladivostock Squadron have been reported by fishermen as coming through the Hokdido Strait," so we proceeded to Kobe, there to await further orders. At Kobe we could obtain no news of the Vladivostock fleet, and most of our party dispersed —the greater number being bound for Tokyo. I tried to get to Yokohama by the P. and O., but

they could not guarantee me a safe passage, and finally they unloaded their cargo at Kobe, and received a wire ordering the ship to return home to England. I therefore went on to Tokyo by train, where I spent my time passing between the Embassy and the Admiralty.

It is interesting to a European to watch the life in Tokyo streets. There is none of the roar and bustle of the west, nearly all the transport being done by porters who carry their heavy loads with noiseless tread. The jinrickshaw, which corresponds to our hansom cab, is scarcely audible, and the only noises are the street hawkers crying their wares, and the dismal whistle of the automatic steam pipe cleaner. Now and again troops of merry children going to and from school make a joyous morning concert, and the busy chant of the coolies at their work may be heard sometimes. But the silence in the city does not betoken laziness; work, work, hard toil, is evident everywhere.

Every one of the two and a half millions of inhabitants of Tokyo takes a bath once during the day. This is an excellent institution, and might be followed with advantage in many other cities I have visited. Japan is clean from the sea-shore to the mountain-top, and so it is with her people; they look and are clean, and they are always cheerful. They work hard, but there is not that mad rush for riches which is the curse of modern commercialism. Their pleasures are simple; a family excursion to view the cherry

blossom or maple, or maybe a junk load of happiness drifting leisurely on the river, either of which affords the pleasure of contemplating the wonders of nature which they all enjoy. The Japanese life is an object lesson in the simple life, the want of which is evidently beginning to be felt in England.

CHAPTER IV.

I am ordered to Sasebo—Appointed to a cruiser—The Japanese bath—A Japanese meal—Routine on the cruiser—Inspection of food—Some details of organisation.

THE days spent in Tokyo were pleasant enough, but I had not come out to the East to remain idly in Japan, and I began to wonder if I ever should see any of the fighting. I was, therefore, not a little elated when I received orders from the Admiralty to go to Sasebo, where I should be appointed to one of the cruisers. On my arrival there I called on Admiral Samijima, who said he had orders for me to go at once. When could I get away?

"I am ready," I said.

"Well," he replied, "there is a ship starting at six to-morrow morning; you had better go straight on board."

I went back to my hotel, packed up, and stepped aboard the ship at seven o'clock the same evening, and found myself once more beneath the pennant of the Rising Sun.

Everything seemed in confusion. The ship was coaling, and the decks were littered with boxes and bales and all sorts of stores. Women

as well as men take part in coaling, and they are paid thirty-five sen per day, and well they earn it, working in the barges and at the steadying gear, passing the baskets, and, in fact, doing exactly the same as the men, encouraging the work with songs, or what our sailors would call "shanties." They all wear kimonos and a Japanese towel bound round the head, which gives them a somewhat coquettish appearance. Their legs are wrapped up in pieces of cloth—a sort of dark-blue putty—and a native obji completes the costume. The coal dust covers them, and they are dingy, dirty daughters of Eve, but their bright eyes gleam and their white teeth flash as they laugh and chatter over the rough work. I remarked to the captain that I should be very sorry to see our women doing such work.

"Well," he replied, "if the work is hard, it is honest, and they might be doing worse."

This untiring industry is, in my opinion, one of the chief causes of the high standard of virtue that characterises the women of Japan, and several of the missionaries whom I met in Tokyo are of the same opinion.

Our departure was postponed until four o'clock the next afternoon, and, as the officers were all busy, I dined by myself. Nakai, my servant, was wrapt in admiration at the way I used my chopsticks. "A red sky at night is a sailor's delight," in the words of the old song, and this evening the sunset was fiery red, and the moon rose in splendour over the hills. It was the

Petty officers on the transport going to fill up vacancies caused by casualties in Togo's fleet.

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festival of Bom (the moon festival), which is signalised by dancing and feasting, and corresponds to our harvest moon.

My new messmates were Captain Yamamuchi (whose father was a retainer of the late Shogun), Surgeon-Lieut. Nakamura, of the Japanese Imperial Navy, and eight other officers, to all of

whom I was formally introduced. As the sun set the wind arose, and the barometer falling rapidly told us that a typhoon was imminent. The captain, remarking that he had experienced several typhoons and did not want another, decided to run for shelter in Shisiki harbour. After a run of forty miles we arrived there, and

[illegible] a Red Cross ship and some other vessels which had also come in for shelter. Fortunately we were visited by only the tail end of the typhoon.

The live-stock on board aroused my curiosity, and I paid the animals a visit. The fowls, instead were allowed to run about, which kept them in better health than when penned up. There were also three lanky pigs, livid-looking and [illegible] from the repeated washings of the sea water.

The weather cleared about midnight, and at [illegible] the watch was called and we weighed [illegible] and proceeded on our journey, the Red Cross ship leading.

[illegible] the wearing of the *kimono* is only [illegible] eight o'clock in the morning and [illegible] eight o'clock at night. My servant, Nakai, [illegible] I would take my bath in the morning [illegible] In this respect we differ from [illegible] the bath at night, and there [illegible] in favour of the evening [illegible] all the work of the day is done the [illegible] refreshing and encourages sleep. [illegible] from the water after the bath and [illegible] to the ward-room to finish the evening, [illegible] most Englishmen, I preferred to have my bath in the morning. Some of the ships are fitted with European baths, but many have only the Japanese bath, which is a large square tank deep enough to sit in up to the chin. They soap themselves before getting in, with a little Japanese oblong towel, decorated with pictures, the bath

Nakai, my servant.

Dinner on the transport.

The rice tub. Nakai, my servant

How I lived on a transport.

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itself being used merely as a plunge. The same towel is used for drying the body, and it is washed and wrung several times during the process, the bather's servant rubbing down his master's back. Whatever the disadvantages of the Japanese bath, it undoubtedly renders the skin supple and fresh.

Meal hours in the Japanese Navy differ from ours. Breakfast is to be had from 7.30 to 9.30. Dinner at noon (the officers who go on duty have theirs half-an-hour earlier). Supper at 5.30, and from 8 p.m. and throughout the evening tea and cigarettes are served, and sometimes *sake*, which is taken hot. It is a notable fact, however, that *saké* is never served when on active service except on very great occasions, and then very little is drunk. The tea, unlike ours, is green and made with water that is not allowed to boil. It is an acquired taste, but, once acquired, one never cares for any other kind of tea. The same may be said of Japanese food, and it has an additional charm for me in that it cured me of indigestion. Indigestion is unknown in Japan.

A table laid for a meal in Japanese fashion presents, to a European, a somewhat curious appearance, although dinner is frequently laid in European style. Knives and forks are unknown at the Japanese table, and small cases containing a pair of chopsticks (which may be ivory, lacquer, or wood) are laid before one, long-ways, after one is seated, and a small china or lacquer bowl is brought containing

bean soup, sometimes made with fish and beans, at others with chicken and beans, and it frequently contains a few slices of vegetables, generally *daikon*, a species of large radish. It has a very disagreeable smell, but by no means a bad flavour. This bean soup is a standing dish throughout Japan. The bean is so nutritious that it sustains a man for a whole day. The next bowl contains rice, which takes the place of bread, and is eaten with the dried or fresh fish that follows the soup, and with the two fried eggs that are generally served in a small saucer. Pickles and sugared beans usually form a part of the repast. Soup without a spoon is a problem to the European at first, but he soon learns that it is quite correct to raise the bowl to the mouth, using the chopsticks to keep the meat and vegetables from interrupting the flow. On the sideboard there is a wooden tub full of rice, and it is served out into the rice bowls with a large wooden spoon. Holding the rice bowl in one hand, one selects such tit-bits as one fancies from the saucers and eats them with alternate mouthfuls of rice. The usual drink is *Nippon Cha* (tea), which is poured into a tiny cup rather larger than the *saké* cup, but of the same design. During breakfast one generally eats three or four bowls of rice, and the last bowl is often mixed with tea. This mixture has the consistency of Devonshire cream, and has a most delicate flavour. At the conclusion of the meal the boys pour some tea into the rice bowl, with which one washes the

chopsticks before placing them in their little wooden case.

The routine on a Japanese cruiser also differs from that followed in the British Navy, and the following is a time-table of the men's daily task:

7. 0. Turn out.
7.40. Breakfast.
8. 0. Medical inspection.
8.15. Wash decks (if there is no ice or frost) and clean guns and arms.
9.45. Stand easy. Smoke for fifteen minutes.
10. 0. Watch on deck. Fall in. Told off for various duties.
11.30. Sweep and clear up decks. Stand easy when finished.
11.45. Cooks of messes fetch dinner.
Noon. Dinner.
1.15. Fall in. Watch on deck told off for various duties.
2.15. Stand easy.
2.30. Carry on work.
3.30. Sweepers.
3.45. Prepare for supper.
4. 0. Supper.
4.45. Quarters.
5. 0. Stand easy.
5.15. Drill for seamen. Exercises for engineers.
5.40. Sweepers, clear up decks.
Sunset. All lights masked. Prepare to resist torpedo boats; that is, guns ready,

with ammunition boxes by each, night sights adjusted, and guns' crews told off, one man to keep watch at each gun, the remainder standing between the guns and keeping a sharp look-out for torpedo attack. (This, of course, is a most important piece of organisation, and one which Admiral Togo impresses on all his captains.)

7. 0. Rounds.

7.30. Pipe down hammocks. Look-outs told off for various parts of the ship.

The remainder of the evening the men drink a little tea, and smoke cigarettes and the *Cheesi* pipe ("little pipe"), which holds just enough for one or two whiffs. Sometimes these small pipes are of silver and sometimes of brass. They squat round the tobacco *bon* (a tub with a piece of rope lighted at one end, something like the ancient linstock); some play cards, others chess, and many of them the old game of go-bang. But most of them spend an hour or so each day studying languages or some detail of their profession. They stand about knitting, if nothing else is to be done. They are never idle, and are always merry and good-tempered. There is never any punishment, for none is ever merited. Each man feels that his particular job is as necessary to Japan as Admiral Togo himself, and they are all inspired by one sentiment—"Bushido," the literal meaning of which is "duty and patriotism."

In the large ships two cooks are carried, one foreign and one Japanese. All food undergoes the strictest inspection, not only before, but *after* it is cooked. Every day the quarter-master brings in a dish of the men's food—taken haphazard from the coppers—which the paymaster and the doctor taste and inspect, and the same system is applied to the food destined for the ward-room, so that all on board have only the most wholesome food set before them. This excellent system is also enforced in the army.

As with the food, so with the health of each man, for the doctor makes a searching examination in even the most trifling cases of indisposition. Every man in both navy and army is weighed at least once a year, and if he is above or below the weight which at his age he ought to scale, a medical board is appointed to find out the cause. Everything is governed by science and reason even to the most minute detail.

CHAPTER V.

Kamura's fight with the Vladivostock cruisers—The sinking of the *Rurik*—The Samurai sword—To "a certain place" again—Death of the bo'sun—Arrival at Talienwan Bay—Admiral Muira—Dalny—The chase and destruction of the *Novik*.

STEAMING through the Corean Straits, we left Tsuhima Island far astern, being on our port side, and Masampho, on the Corean coast, showing in the distance in a blue haze. We passed over the spot which has since been made famous by Admiral Togo's great victory, and for two days we steamed to the north.

On the morning of the 15th July we heard guns and observed smoke right ahead, which we afterwards learnt was the fight between Admiral Kamura's fleet (mostly built by the great firm at Elswick) and the Russian Vladivostock cruisers. Some time afterwards I had an interview with one of the officers of the fleet, who told me the true story of the fight, which I will repeat in his own words.

"At 5.3 we spied the Russian cruisers, three in number, steering S.W. three-quarter south. At that time the Russians had no idea that we were near, but at 5.11 they suddenly discovered

us and immediately altered their course to the east. We opened fire about 5.20, using the 8-inch bow guns, with some effect. The range-finder gave the distance as 10,000 metres. The Russians soon replied, and a heavy cannonade from both sides ensued. Forty minutes after the action began the *Rurik* seemed to be in distress. The enemy's ships then separated, the *Gromoboi* and the *Roossia* slowing down, to allow the *Rurik* to come up. But she was too badly injured. The battle still raged fiercely, and two of the Russian ships were on fire for a few minutes. We concentrated our fire on the *Rurik*, which was lagging very far behind, and our cannonade was so effective that the ship was set on fire and the rudder damaged. Although helpless, she continued firing her guns, and the *Roossia* and the *Gromoboi* returned to assist her. Some signals passed between them which, of course, we could not understand, but it seemed probable that the *Rurik* was asking for assistance. We fully sympathised with the Russians, who had to leave their poor helpless consort to our mercy and steer northward for Vladivostock. Our cruisers followed, and after chasing them some time we noticed that the *Roossia* was on fire, and about fifteen minutes elapsed before it was extinguished. The effect was very striking as the long fiery tongues darted out from the ports. The ship seemed to me like a demon flying on wings of flame. We kept up the pursuit for another twenty minutes, and then returned to

where we had left the *Rurik*. This was at 11 in the forenoon. We could see nothing of her save a few boxes and wreckage dotting the sea, over which the smoke still lay like a shroud."

The ill-fated crew were rescued by the ships of our squadron which had not joined in the pursuit, and the prisoners were distributed among the various ships. Eighty were sent aboard us. Their wet clothes were removed, and they donned dry uniforms—the uniform of their enemy. Among our prisoners there were three officers and one petty officer and the chaplain. As they were picked up the officers were put in the stern sheets of our boats, and the sailors mixed with the crew. They seemed very weak, and one of the officers (the navigator) had a slight wound on his left arm. Our doctor immediately proferred his services, which were gratefully received. Our sentry at the gangway saluted, which the Russian officer returned. The Russian sailors were assisted up the gangway by the Japanese, and it was amusing to see the little Japanese blue-jackets assisting the wounded Russian sailors, who seemed giants by comparison. There were about ten injured men, and one of the Russian wounded kissed the Japanese sailor who was assisting him, which made the Jap look a little abashed and silly. We supplied them with everything they asked for, and whiskey and soda was served out to them from the medical stores. We also gave them cigarettes and fans. With the exception of the wounded they fell in on the

Elswick's cruisers.

Boats picking up the Russian sailors.

The grave of the *Rurik*.

quarter-deck, and were afterwards sent to the mess-deck, the officers going to the sick-room.

We anchored for the night at Tsuhima Island, and the next morning we started for Sasebo, which we reached at 4 in the afternoon. I tried to speak to the Russian engineer.

"How are you?" I said; "I am very sorry to see you here, for you are brave men, and we all admire your courage."

"Thank you, I am quite well," he replied.

They were very gentle and quiet, but held themselves very proudly.

We did not remain at Tsuhima long, as we received orders to proceed to Manchuria. As we passed Port Hamilton I took some snapshots of the crew while they were eating their dinner. The rations were neatly served in a saucer: two small fish, pickles, and some vegetable. The vegetable was *okra*, and is considered very healthy and strengthening. Rice was served out *ad libitum*. My dinner consisted of the following dishes: Tai fish soup, pork chops and onions, rice, a couple of herrings, and, as a salad, two roots of young ginger washed down with *Nippon Cha*. I hit it off very well with my Japanese friends, with whom I talked through an interpreter, and I paid my footing in the mess in champagne and cigars. I made a tour of the ship, and found that the men's messes on the lower deck were much the same as on a British man-of-war. The petty officers' quarters were adorned with pictures, in staring colours, and plants which

are tended most carefully. Many of the men had insect pets, crickets being the favourites. These insects are kept in tiny cages of bamboo, and maintain a lively scissor-grinding noise. They seem to thrive very well on a piece of vegetable, either pumpkin or water-melon, and the fresh water which the men take in their mouths and blow over them occasionally.

At midnight we anchored in a Corean archipelago called the Myangcoan group. This group of islands lie in latitude 34° 12′ N. and longitude 125° 56½′ E. That magic messenger, the wireless telegraph, brought us some mysterious news. A Russian gunboat was somewhere in the China Sea, and, bearing in mind our valuable cargo, our captain brought up in one of the Tom Cringlest (if I may use the expression) places, devoid of trees, but protected by sandbanks, rocks and islands. The moon, high in the heavens, reflected her image like a broken patch of phosphorus, and the distant islands showed dimly through the passing mist wreaths. It was such a night, and such a place, as the buccaneers might have chosen to bury their ill-gotten treasures, and, indeed, who could say what hoards might not be lying in yonder sandlet, for in those seas the pirate still flourishes. At six a.m. the clanking of the cable announced that the anchor was being raised, and we proceeded, but only for a short distance, for we ran into a fog which enveloped us and rendered navigation in such a place dangerous. There is no sleep on board after

J. Satō.

Portrait of a petty officer—chief gunner's mate—with his Japanese and English signature.

six o'clock with the cocks crowing and the crickets chirruping lustily. As the sun gained power, the fog gradually lifted, until only streaks of mist belted the high lands. Three transports which had been fog-bound like ourselves were now steaming in company with us. By ten o'clock the day was quite clear, and the sun shone brightly. We made good progress, and it was thought that Dalny would be reached in forty-eight hours.

Walking round the ship I noticed that two very useful boats of the sampan type were carried. Needle-nosed and flat-bottomed, they are propelled by sculling at the side, and are perfect for landing troops. They are capable of holding a fair number of men, who squat on the bottom out of the way of the scullers, and drawing very little water they can go close to the shore, thus enabling the men to effect a dry landing. This is one of the secrets of the Japanese success in putting a large army on shore, as all the ships carry these boats.

In addition to carrying stores we had on board a number of sailors and petty officers for Admiral Togo's ships. The Japanese petty officer is a well-educated, intelligent man, and can be thoroughly relied upon. Of those I met, most could speak, and all could write, English. Many of them belonged to the ancient Samurai families, and these all carried their family swords, many of which were of great age. They gave a sword display for my benefit. These swords are handled

Engine-room artificer, also chief petty officer, taking it easy.
Note the *sori* (sandals).

with the greatest reverence, for most of them have been handed down through many generations and are highly prized by their possessors. They are carefully wrapped up in a bag of yellow silk and are periodically taken out and examined critically. So keen is the edge that it requires the most careful handling. The proper way is to hold the scabbard in one hand and lay the flat of the sword crossways, using the case for a sort of rest. By manipulating it gently in a good light all the markings of the temper of the blade can be seen. It is usually connected to the hilt by a peg of whalebone, which is easily taken out, and the maker's name is written, sometimes in gold, on the haft. In the old days the Japanese youth became a man at the age of fifteen, when he was presented with a sword with great ceremony. The hilt is worked with the finest materials, but these decorations are nothing compared with the beauty of the blade. The bluish steel has a silken texture, and it has an edge that can sever a piece of gauze and a curve that produces an automatic draw in the cut, which make it the most formidable cold-steel weapon even of the present day.

It appeared that we were bound for Togo's "certain place," and I welcomed the news in the hope that it meant that we should see some fighting. It seemed but the day before that, on the old *Manchu Maru*, I visited the Blonde Islands. There was Togo's fleet still on guard, and, indeed, it was all so clearly photographed

in my memory that I had not forgotten a detail of the scene, and it will always remain one of the most vivid impressions of the many that I have gathered in my wandering life. We entered the anchorage on this occasion by a passage from the south, which is protected by booms and mines. As soon as the anchor was down the purser and the doctor went to the harbour master's ship *Taichu Maru* to report arrival and to receive instructions. This is an important piece of organization in the Japanese Navy. All ships on the way to the front report themselves at various signal stations on the journey, and when they pass near a base they call in for further orders. The front is, it is true, approached more slowly, but the value of the system is apparent, for the Commander-in-Chief and Admiralty are in touch with the ships throughout their journey. And it also prevents strange steamers from entering the military area.

The day after our arrival Port Arthur was attacked from the sea and the land by heavy guns, and we could plainly hear the dull booming of the cannonade.

The *Idzumi*, a cruiser originally built for the Chilian Government by the Elswick company and bought by the Japanese, came in and, anchoring, at once lowered all her boats, and the crew set to work to clean the bottom. This is another important piece of organization, the Japanese never allowing their ships to become foul.

Most of the petty officers whom we carried had now gone to the harbour-master's ship, to be drafted to their various stations, and the purser returned with the gratifying information that we were to start for Dalny on the following day at noon.

A transport carrying mails came into the roadstead, and passed through the fleet. As she approached a ship for which she had mail bags, four notes were blown on a bugle, and the ship at once sent a boat to her to fetch the letters. The next morning I arose at four o'clock and saw the sun rise over the huge rock I have spoken of. In the morning light it resembled one of those gigantic pre-historic lizards, and it seemed to be gazing out over the sea to Port Arthur. The harbour had cleared somewhat during the night, for the hospital ship and two or three transports had gone away. The wind had chopped round and was blowing hard from the south, and the captain told me that we should have some "not good" weather.

Admiral Togo's choice of a base was a good thing for the fishermen, for, to ensure a fresh supply of fish for his ships, hundreds of junks were regularly employed. These fishermen are half pirates, and up to the time of Togo's arrival had given a great deal of trouble. The Chinese sent some Chusan soldiers, who are themselves little better than bandits, to keep order, and these soldiers made a working arrangement with the piratical fishermen with the result that, until

Togo appeared on the scene, the inhabitants of the villages had a very bad time.

On our voyage to Dalny a tragic event happened. When we got outside the roadstead we found there was a heavy sea from the west, which set our ship rolling heavily. The crew were employed in throwing some old shakes overboard, which had served temporarily as cattle-boxes, and the sea kept washing over the waist of the ship, wetting the men to the skin. They were laughing and chaffing each other as the waves broke over them, when suddenly the ice chest with its contents, weighing three or four tons, slipped from its place and glided towards the main mast, and the boatswain was pinned by the leg between this and the iron bits. The limb was crushed to a shapeless mass, and the sailors carried the poor fellow to the ward room, laying him on the floor. The doctor looked very grave, but proceeded to bind up the fractured leg, although the case was hopeless. The injured man lay with his head supported by two comrades, another was fanning him, a fourth held a glass of water, and on either side four of his ship-mates knelt to secure him from being knocked about by the rolling of the ship. Although the atmosphere was stifling, he kept complaining of feeling cold, and more blankets were heaped upon him. He murmured occasionally, and I wondered if his thoughts had flown back to far away Japan and his little wife and child, or whether his last act of duty still filled his mind. Who could tell?

Once only he spoke intelligibly, words which brought despair to the hearts of the watchers.

"It's so cold."

Though heaped with blankets the sailors added more to satisfy their messmate. The doctors had long since given up hope. The heart beat was tested for the last time. His feet and hands were cold, though the brain still lived. It was an easy death, this sinking quietly into Eternity. A bright ray of light shot through the dark pall of cloud as the gallant boatswain's spirit fled. Who dare say that the Great God of all mankind shall not find a place for that Pagan soul.

The body was laid out next to my sleeping cabin, and a small altar was erected with two lighted candles, between which a snow-white cloth bearing rice-cake was placed. Before the altar incense was burning, and at nightfall the body was placed in a coffin with the head towards the altar. The dead sailor's messmates watched by the bier all night, keeping the incense burning, and the ship was filled with the fragrant odour. I found it difficult to sleep that night, for the dead-lights being closed no air could enter, and the pungent scent of the incense was almost overpowering. Sleep came at last in spite of the choking that oppressed me, but it was broken by troubled dreams of the poor boatswain. I was awakened by a big rat scampering across my chest, and I found the cabin swathed in a mist of incense. In the morning the burial took place, the remains being hoisted into a sampan, and

with his messmates and the priest the boatswain made his last voyage. Some small ceremony took place on shore, the dead man's shipmates passing by his body, one by one, giving a last salute. They left him in his shell on a cliff by a lonely bay, awaiting, within sound of the murmuring ocean, the torch of the cremator. One of the officers remarked to me that the boatswain had died as every man ought to hope to die—"At his duty."

Kwangtung Shan bore due west seven miles. This together with the smaller island of San-Sham and the shoals, covered with mine fields, protected the entrance to Talien-wan Bay. Kwangtung Shan, if fortified with heavy guns, would secure both Port Arthur and Dalny. We heard that the fight at Port Arthur the day before had been very fierce, but that the Japanese had captured two important positions. About three o'clock we passed the picquet boat and exchanged signals with the Red Cross ship *Kote Maru*, which was bound for a secret destination. The water shoaled rapidly as we neared the signal hill (Tai-o-sho). From this point the land sweeps down in successive slopes, breaking off in low cliffs, and the coast here and there is indented with sandy coves. The country is roughly farmed by the Chinese, and the little bay shelters numerous trading junks. As we turned into the bay we obtained a fine view of the sweeping curve of the shore, which is dominated by the lofty mountain Dai-o-noshan, which, being interpreted,

These contact mines were floated about six feet below the surface, and could also be exploded by electric wires connected with the torpedo boats. This alternative was to prevent the possibility of the Russians sending small steamers and clearing them away. Two or three days before, Captain Mimura told me, the *Sevastopol* had come out from Port Arthur and shelled the army positions, but Togo attacked her and soon drove her in again. She touched a mine on her way back, which blew a hole in her port side and nearly sunk her.

While I was talking to Captain Mimura the *Chitose* cruiser entered the harbour and signalled that the *Novik*, a Russian ship that had escaped from Shanghai, had been sunk off Saghalien. The story of the last voyage of the *Novik* was told to me afterwards by one of the officers of the ship that sank her :

In the afternoon of the 10th August, after the big battle off Port Arthur, the *Czarevitch* ran to Kaiochaio Bay, seeking to take advantage of German neutrality, and the *Novik* took shelter at Shanghai. Having chased the destroyers to Cheefoo, the *Chitose* received orders from Admiral Togo on the 11th to chase, and, if possible, capture the *Novik*. Thinking the Russian gunboat was bound for Vladivostock, and knowing that in such case she would have to go by the Pacific route, the *Chitose* ran through the Corean Strait to head her off. A wireless message was received from Kagoshima in-

forming them that the *Novik* had passed that place steering north. Receiving no further message when they reached Tsugalu Strait, they went on to Hakodate. There they were joined by the third-class cruiser *Tsuma*, and both coaled. They received another wireless message from Admiral Togo to proceed to Soya Kaikyo, and after steaming some distance a second wire came from the admiral: '*Novik* has passed Etologh Island.' After receiving this message, they felt confident of getting her. Cruising about the strait, on the afternoon of the 21st, expecting to meet her, they received at five o'clock another wireless message: '*Novik* coaling at Colsacot Bay.' This bay is in Saghalien Island, and, hearing firing, they went off at full speed, and found the *Tsuma* and the *Novik* engaged. Before they came up night fell and the fighting ceased. Both vessels received some damage, but the *Tsuma*, being a small ship, was not so much damaged as the *Novik*. It appeared that the *Novik* had tried to get out of the bay, but the *Tsuma* had headed her back, cruising off the mouth of the bay and blockading her, and, at the same time, making good some defects. The *Chitose* ran into the bay. The *Novik* was there, but the night was so dark they could see nothing of her. They cruised to and fro all through the night. At dawn she was sighted and reported to be on shore, and the Japanese ships ran in to within three thousand metres of her and opened fire. It was like shooting at a target, and the

shots soon took effect, for the Russian seemed to settle by the bow, and by the volumes of smoke that came from her it was evident that she was on fire. The crew got away in the boats, and, seeing that the *Novik* was done for, at seven o'clock the Japanese steamed off to Sasebo. The *Chitose* remained at Sasebo and the *Tsuma* went on to Yokosuka, where she was docked.

On a cruiser off Port Arthur during the blockade.

Inspecting the ammunition on a cruiser.

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CHAPTER VI.

Togo appoints me to the *Tainan Maru*—Capture of a Chinese junk—An auxiliary cruiser—An evening's fishing—A jaunt in Dalny—The mine divers—The reason of the fleet's good gunnery—A mine explodes in the harbour.

ON September 1st Paymaster Aihara came on board and informed me that Admiral Togo had appointed me to his ship the *Tainan Maru*, and that he had come to fetch me. It did not take me long to pack up, and, taking leave of the captain and my messmates, I stepped into the steam launch with Aihara, and proceeded to take up my new appointment. I was given the rank of ward-room officer, but my duties were light. I had my station at fire-quarters and boats, and fell in by the chief engineer at divisions. As I stepped on board the sentry saluted and the officer of the watch came forward to receive me. I was an object of some interest to the sailors, who were grouped forward and gave me a smiling greeting. The officer of the watch introduced me to Captain Takahashi, the commander, who, like all the Japanese I have met, is a thorough gentleman. After a few remarks, he preceded me to

the ward-room, where I was heartily welcomed by my messmates. Tea and cigarettes were served, and I soon began to feel at home in my new surroundings. The *Tainan Maru* was an auxiliary cruiser, and the ward-room was the ordinary roomy saloon, well-lighted and airy. Two long tables stood on either side, capable of accommodating about forty people. Our ward-room complement, however, was only twenty-five, so that we were by no means crowded. In the centre of the room, beneath the dome, a Japanese garden was arranged on a square of oilcloth. There were dwarf trees, shrubs, a rice plant, and some wild bushes and plants taken from the mountains of Nansan. There was also a small pond containing a Chinese eel, who kept himself very much to himself by burrowing under the pebbles at the bottom of the little pond, and sometimes we had to stir him up with a piece of coal to see if he was alive. A lively young green cricket chirruped merrily as he browsed on the tender shoots of a tiny fir-tree, and a pair of quails nestled among the picturesque pots, darting out at intervals to pick up stray grains of rice or crumbs.

Although I had already dined my kind hosts insisted that I must be hungry, and a good meal of fruit and fish was placed before me with bread, the first I had tasted for ten days. I had become so accustomed to chopsticks that the knife and fork which I used felt heavy and awkward. After dinner the captain and senior officers in-

Japanese torpedo destroyer with captured junk, Port Arthur Bay.

[*To face pa*

vited me on to the bridge, where we sat enjoying the glorious, golden sunset through which we could see the beams of Port Arthur's search-lights shining faintly.

Every day the captain gave me such items of news as he could, consistent with his duty. On that first evening he told me that the Japanese soldiers were hard at work entrenching and digging parallels nearer and nearer to Port Arthur, keeping the Russians ever on the alert. The lurid flash of the heavy guns was reflected momentarily on the clouds as we sat on the bridge, and some seconds after each flash the dull report fell on our ears. I also heard that the mine ship which had been coaling alongside my late ship had been blown up whilst "creeping" for mines. One of the men was frightfully mangled and several were drowned. Navigating these seas is a dangerous and nerve-shattering task, for at any moment the ship may touch a mine and go down with all hands.

A torpedo-boat came in with a junk in tow bearing one hundred horses, pigs, and poultry, destined for Port Arthur. It was a valuable prize, and one likely to prove a useful addition to the transport service of our army. There was something humorous in the attitude and looks of the captain and crew of the captured junk. The tow-rope attached to the junk was so short that the muzzle of the 4.6 almost rubbed the nose of the Chinese skipper as he steered. Probably the old craft never before went at such a pace.

Every man Jack of the crew felt that he was under sentence of death, and looked as he felt—a sadder-looking set of men I never saw. The captain stood bolt upright at the tiller, and the grinning muzzle of the gun had a strange fascination for him. He had, probably, never relaxed a muscle of his body for many hours. Scared to death, his lips glued together with terror, he returned no answer to the chaffing Japs. The blazing sun scorched his eyes, which did not blink, and his face was blanched to an ashy grey.

I turned in at 10 p.m. My cabin was lofty and roomy, but the ventilation not very good, the dead-lights being tightly closed to prevent any light from showing outside. The orders from Admiral Togo insisted upon this rule being strictly observed. I fell asleep with the boom of the heavy guns sounding in my ears.

I was awakened in the morning by Arai, my new boy, opening my scuttles. He greeted me with a pleasant "*ohayo*" ("good morning"). I turned out and went on deck to inspect the ship, and some description of a Japanese auxiliary cruiser may be of interest to my readers. On the forecastle and aft we mounted two 4.7 guns (Elswick) on turn-tables. In the well between the forecastle and saloon-decks were a number of coils of wire hawser for the laying of mines, those terrible engines of destruction which have formed one of the chief features of the present war. On account of the hot weather the awning and screens had been rigged up to shade this part of

the deck, where the men sleep and take their baths. A windsail directed what little air was stirring down the forehatch to the quarters of the crew. On the boat-deck were the usual number of life-boats, and on the shelter-deck below a 12-pound 2.7 gun projected over each quarter. Two 3-pounders also were mounted on the shelter-deck, and a number of contact mines completed the armament. Over the after hatchway were the booms on which four boats of the large sampan type were stowed. Beneath these boats the sailors do their washing, and the space was taken up with clothes-lines from which the little Japanese towels were fluttering. The watch below were smoking their tiny pipes, laughing and chatting merrily, and several of them, their curiosity aroused, got up to look at me. The second-class cabin space was given up to the warrant and petty officers. Two long tables ran down the centre of the saloon; the men's chests were arranged in a row close to the bulk-head, and at one end of the cabin was a small set of lockers, one for each member of the mess. Two 60,000 candle-power searchlights were fitted to the ship, one on the shelter-deck, and the other abaft the funnel, with both of which we practised every night. The bridge was much the same as in any other steamer, with the exception that it was fitted with a range-finder. The lower deck, where in ordinary circumstances the third-class passengers would be accommodated, was used by the crew. Swing shelves held

the mess traps (an iron plate and cup, knife, fork and spoon), and ditty boxes wherein Jack keeps his photographs and little treasures.

Soon after my appointment to this ship the staff engineer was ordered to Sasebo, and I was much struck by the "send off" we gave him. The ship's company was drawn up to wish him a pleasant and prosperous voyage, and, in reply, he made a neat speech to the men, complimenting them on the way in which they had performed their duties when under his orders, and expressing the hope that they would continue to do so under his successor. He then shook hands with each officer in turn and left amid hearty "Banzais" and waving of handkerchiefs and caps. This ceremony, I was told, was always observed when an officer left his ship, and it is a very good custom, for it tends to keep officers and men in sympathetic touch.

At breakfast the next morning the conversation was of mines, their advantages and dangers. Several of the officers were strongly of the opinion that mines should be carried in parts and put together when required. Such a system would involve additional drill to enable the parts to be rivetted together and the mine laid in the shortest possible time, but the proposal undoubtedly is worth consideration. It occurred to me at the time that this destructive weapon might be used with advantage against submarine attack, and I have no doubt that as the submarine becomes more general in the world's navies the mine will

Myself sketching on the deck of the mother ship.

Torpedo flotilla alongside "mother" in a certain harbour.

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be the weapon that will be used against it with most success.

The cook made me a special dish for breakfast, which pleased me so much that I felt I should like to give him some tangible evidence of my satisfaction. I proposed to give him a glass of *saké*, but I was told it was quite contrary to regulations. No one is allowed to give drinks without permission, and this permission is as difficult to obtain as it is for a captain to get his promotion.

The sound of the bombardment continued day after day. The Russians generally opened fire after lunch, continuing firing until 4 p.m., when there was usually a lull until 9 p.m., when the booming began again and continued until after midnight. This methodical action of the Russian gunners amused the Japanese greatly.

The harbour work was carried on with great regularity. Steam tugs, towing strings of junks laden with coolies, crossed over to Kyu-ju-ton, the small town ten miles off, where store sheds, roads, and a landing-place are being constructed for a new military base. Sometimes a transport or hospital ship passed on her way to Japan, filled with sick and wounded soldiers.

One evening after dark the captain invited me to go fishing from the boats astern. Our outfit was simple, consisting merely of a fairly large hook on a short line and some small fish for bait. These small fry swarmed round the ship in their efforts to evade the ceaseless attacks of the sword-

zinias, marigolds, and the everlasting flowers grow to perfection, and among other plants I discovered was the Cape gooseberry. Trees of almost every variety seem to flourish in the gardens. We called on the curator, a most intelligent gentleman, who was comfortably installed in the house of his predecessor, who was, of course, a Russian. The glass of the doors and windows is coloured red and green, for the purpose, I believe, of preventing snow blindness. I had a long talk with the curator, and he invited me to see the animals fed.

"Although," he said, "after your beautiful Zoo this is not worth speaking of."

We went with him and saw a live woodcock thrown to the tiger, and the great beast caught it like a tame cat catches a sparrow. Our host showed us also the remains of the aviaries and other houses.

"We shall soon have all this repaired and tenanted," he explained, "and if you return next year the gardens will be in perfect order."

He hopes eventually to be able to compa gardens favourably with any similar ga the world. We returned through where the houses again reminded m of the London suburbs—the familiar ached villas standing each in sma . The houses were occupied the turned into store-houses, an d ver well for picketing h Hall Government Offices

booths, and the proprietors appeared to be doing a flourishing trade. I had intended to visit the Chinese theatre, but it looked so dirty that I changed my mind and set off for a ramble in the suburbs. The road was crowded with two-wheel carts, each drawn by a horse or mule, and with a donkey or cow tied to the side of the cart. There were long strings of them carrying stores to the front.

The Russians laid out good roads and splendid boulevards in Dalny. The boulevard which runs due west is planted with trees, and ends in a fine *jardins des plantes*, the greater part of which is enclosed by a low wall. We entered through the gap where the gate had stood. The turnstiles and offices were in ruins, the broad pathway grass-grown, and the ornamental shrubs and trees choked with weeds. It was now the fruit season, and on many of the trees the pears still hung, notwithstanding the Chinese boys. The first building we came to was the bear den, with two fine animals from the Himalayas. A magnificent specimen of the Bengal tiger, fat and sleek, tenanted another den, and this was the animal which, it was said, was given a Japanese woman to eat for a treat. But this, of course, is a yarn.

The gardens are delightful. A stream runs through which in the rainy weather becomes a raging torrent, but its waters are always clear, and are fed by the springs in the mountains behind the town. Flowers blossom everywhere—

has a large garden in the centre, beautifully laid out with flowering plants, but of course the weeds had choked everything, and the place had become a wilderness. Nevertheless, we succeeded in gathering a lovely posy, and then returned through the dockyard.

At the pier we saw some diving boats—big sampans decked with moveable planks, beneath which the various stores are placed. The divers live on the boats, sleeping and eating on board, the mat awnings protecting them from the weather. They were employed in bringing up the mines, and there were about fifty boats engaged in the work.

"They handle these mines like new-born babes," Captain Takahashi told me, and I answered that I was not surprised.

When we got back on board we were treated to a bit of old Japan, for a number of the men had donned the ancient, picturesque costume and were giving a display of fencing. The weapons used were made of bamboo, the length of the two-handed sword, and with their armour of bamboo, cloth and silk, the men presented a striking contrast to the bluejackets who stood around them, watching the fencing with critical eyes.

The following day the crew was busily cleaning and painting the ship's bottom. This operation is constantly performed in the Japanese Navy, so that the ship may always be in a condition to steam her fastest. It was very inconvenient for

everyone on board, for the ship was heeled over to an angle of fifteen degrees. To heel over the ship the water ballast was pumped out from one side of the ship, the other remaining full, and to increase the angle the boats were lowered to the surface of the water and the big iron lifeboat was suspended from the derrick. The boats were then all filled with water, which, of course, careened the ship to the required angle.

Our captain treated his men like children, and they all seemed to look up to him as to a father. When off duty the officers fraternise with the men almost as if they were equals, and I believe there is no instance on record of a man taking advantage of this affability on the part of his superiors.

News reached us that two of the Russian searchlights at Port Arthur had been destroyed by the Japanese guns. The first was hit by a lucky shot, but in the second case the guns were carefully laid in the daytime, and when the first flash came from the searchlight a 1oolb. shell smashed the whole apparatus to pieces. This was a serious loss for the Russians, as they had only a few small searchlights left.

Everything was got ready aboard the fleet for an attack on Vladivostock as soon as Port Arthur should fall.

I breakfasted one morning on the root of a tiger-lily. Its flavour was something between a baked apple and roast chestnuts, and it was of the consistency of mashed potatoes.

Mine sweeper

Itshikushima, Admiral Yamada's ship.

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Togo's rendezvous. Admiral Togo speaks English imperfectly, but he understands it thoroughly. During our conversation the coaling was proceeding, and consequently the doors and windows of the cabin were closed to keep out the dust. He got up to open one or the other occasionally, complaining of the heat. He pointed out to me the island, saying:

"Do you know the name of that rock?" I said that I did, and he continued, "I shall remember it all my life, I have looked at it so long now."

I looked at it again, studying the details more closely. It is almost circular, although there is one strongly indented bay from which a broken, indistinct track leads to the summit. On the summit was a flag-staff, and from the pole floated, in large folds, the Rising Sun of Japan. Two or three rock islets nestled against the side of the main rock, around which the perpetual movement of the sea encircled a lace of foam. We sat there for some time gazing upon the island, and occasionally our conversation wandered back again to England. He wished to know where I lived, and on my telling him his face beamed with interest.

"Why, I know that place," he said. "I have passed it on my way from London to Portsmouth."

But his face soon became reflective again, and the serious lines tightened on his lofty brow as some thought of the magnitude of his responsi-

海軍大將東鄉平八郎
Togo.
from life
Sketched on board the
Mikasa Off. Port. Arthur
Seppings Wright

bilities entered his mind. Twice I asked if I were interrupting any business, but he said :

" No ; go on."

I was sketching him at the time, and he said :

" I am afraid I have given you much trouble in coming out here."

" It is a great honour," I replied, " and a great pleasure, and I hope you will let me come again."

" As often as you like," he said, " the torpedo boat will always bring you."

I felt very gratified by the manner in which the great Admiral received me, but I was anxious not to encroach upon his valuable time, and made an effort to leave. He put his hand on my arm to stop me, and rang the bell. The secretary re-appeared, accompanied by the steward, who brought three glasses of champagne on a lacquered tray, and we drank to one another. The Admiral fanned himself throughout the interview, and, as I was leaving, he asked me to paint him a fan. He looked about the cabin for one, but without success, so he produced his album and asked me to paint the rock as it appeared framed in the doorway of his cabin. I set to work, and in a few washes produced a picture which seemed to please him greatly, and, with hearty good wishes and assurances from the Admiral that we should meet again, I turned to leave. As I passed through the cabin door he said :

" Don't forget. Whenever you want to see me, you come."

The junk we captured full of donkeys.

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On our way back to the harbour, about halfway between the rendezvous and Dalny, we saw an innocent-looking junk hugging the land, its crew rowing for all they were worth. Now the strongest point in a Chinaman's character is his marked

objection to exertion of any sort, so that this display of hard work was suspicious. Commander Mori called the attention of our Captain, Taira, to the extraordinary energy displayed by the usually apathetic and happy-go-lucky Chinaman. After a brief conversation the captain ordered a shot to be fired in the direction of the junk. The shot

struck the water half a mile ahead of the Chinamen, but they instantly complied with the delicate hint to heave-to. Moreover, they appeared so anxious to come to an explanation that they began rowing with renewed energy in our direction. As soon as they came within hailing distance the honourable captain of the junk was told that he must condescend to bring his exalted person on to our miserable little torpedo boat. The Chinaman made a great show of his anxiety to come alongside, displaying a wholesome awe for our 12-pounder, which was trained round on the junk, and he frequently waved a deprecating hand at the silent, menacing gun. As she steered alongside, two of our sailors, with fixed bayonets, jumped on board, taking charge in the name of Japan. The captain, who had been apparently eager to come on board, now showed a strange reluctance to leave the helm, which seemed to require a good deal of adjustment, and he deputed his first mate to come on board to settle the matter. An amused smile played around Mori's face as he said:

"I would like to see the captain if it is not too much trouble for him to explain whence and whither he is taking those fine young donkeys."

There were about fifty donkeys on board, and the captain of the junk, nervously watching his chief officer out of the corner of his eye, became busier than ever at the tiller, pretending not to see the mate and also seeming to be afflicted with deaf-

ness, as the latter explained that the invitation to board the torpedo boat applied to the captain personally. At last, with an impatient gesture, he left his self-imposed task, and came on board the torpedo boat quickly, with an engaging smile. In offering explanations he mentioned, casually, that as he was rather in a hurry and wanted to get on, he would be glad if we would let him go quickly.

"Certainly," said Captain Mori, "when you have answered my questions."

John Chinaman then assumed a jaunty and confident air, that seemed to say: "I'll settle this little business," and, saying something about "chits," he went on board his junk and returned with a bundle of letters, which he handed to the officer, and then squatted down on deck with an air of rollicking confidence as to the result of the enquiry. Nevertheless, he narrowly watched the inscrutable face of our commander for some sign of his fate.

Captain Mori came to a decision in about two minutes. He gave a brief command, and the junk was made fast to the stern of the torpedo boat, and we started off once more. As the junk felt the strain of the tow rope, the Chinaman cried out:

"If you go so fast my junk will be broken to pieces."

His little pig's eyes quivered and sparkled with rage, but meeting the eye of Mori he immediately became submissive, and wept slowly and softly,

with his head always fixed in one position. I made a sketch of him as he sat there.

"This is a very old dodge," Captain Mori said to me, "and a very transparent one. The donkeys are supposed to be for a friend of his at Kiaokiao, but the letter that I hold in my hand gives him away, for Kiaokiao lies to the south, and he should have been a hundred miles from here in that direction. He told me a ridiculous story about some wonderful and mysterious current that brought him off Port Arthur. But what convinces me that the junk is a lawful prize is the statement in the letter that these donkeys are worth £45 apiece. Now the price of donkeys throughout China is never more than two or three pounds, and the only people who would pay such a price as £45 are the Russians in Port Arthur. These donkeys will be very useful for our army."

The remainder of the journey passed in silence on the part of the Chinaman, but there was a good deal of laughter on our side at the dignified air which our prisoner had assumed, refusing to speak when he was addressed.

We anchored for the night at Dalny, and the prize and its contents were sent to join the fleet of prize junks. As the sun had set and the channel was mined, we were compelled to remain at Dalny for the night, and I took advantage of this circumstance to visit my old ship, the *Tainan Maru*, where I received a most hearty welcome. On my arrival the side was piped with due formality, and the sentry presented arms. My ser-

No. 67.

"Resting" Japanese destroyers in a certain harbour.

Captain Myaki and crew of No. 67.

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vant and orderly accompanied me everywhere on account of my rank in the service. After a pleasant evening I returned to the torpedo boat, and early the following morning we started for the secret harbour, taking the western passage. This is a very difficult passage on account of mines and booms, and a few weeks ago it was well-nigh impassable, as the Russians had mined nearly every square yard of it.

Torpedo boat No. 67 belonged to the First Division, and she could steam twenty-five miles an hour. She took part in the battle of August 10th, attacking the *Askold* and discharging torpedoes at the range of 1,000 metres. None of them exploded, however, probably on account of the rough weather. The coast scenery we passed on our way to the harbour was bold and striking, and one great rock reminded me of the "Parson in the Pulpit," the well-known rock standing out of the sea between Dawlish and Teignmouth.

We sighted two ships of the Fifth Squadron, and soon afterwards I was startled by a report and concussion that made our boat shiver from end to end. I learnt afterwards that it was caused by one of the searching vessels exploding a contact mine that had been found. The mines were an ever-present danger, and I always felt an apprehensive curiosity as to what might be concealed in each wave into which our bows plunged. The officers told me that they all had experienced this nervousness at first, but use had become second nature and their nervous-

ness was a thing of the past. A pair of destroyers suddenly popped out from a concealed cove and steamed off to Port Arthur, which was right ahead of us, though hidden by the point of Niko-Shai. At last we cleared the point, opening out the Bay of Port Arthur. The town lay to the west, deep in the haze created by the smoke and dust of battle. The batteries perched high on Liao-tau-shan and the crest of the mountains along the curved front of ten or twelve miles were wreathed in smoke and flames, and might have been mistaken for a huge range of active volcanoes. When we arrived the Fifth Squadron was engaging a new battery which the Russians had unmasked.

The Japanese system of intelligence is complete, and we were able to get news from the signal station of the position of affairs at the front. The army, we learnt, had nearly finished the bed for the 11-inch gun, and as soon as it began firing the position of the battleships in Port Arthur harbour would be critical. Thousands of reserves were still arriving at the front, and within two days a general assault would be made. This, it was hoped, would drive the Russians into Togo's arms.

We ran alongside the Admiral's ship with orders from the Commander-in-Chief, and when we had delivered them we steamed between the rocky islets that protect the harbour's mouth and took up our station in the First Division. The harbour was Togo's advanced base, and it was there that the

Fourth Squadron had its head-quarters. Torpedo flotillas, mine ships, mine searchers, and tugs all sheltered there. It is one of the prettiest places in the world, and, topographically, is unique. A natural breakwater of high mountainous islands runs parallel with the mainland, forming one of the safest anchorages that can be found, and about midway along this chain of islands a flat neck of sand connects them with the mainland. The value of this position could not have been fully realised by the Russians, but the Japanese recognised its importance and captured it early in the war, and it was from this base that all the subsequent operations connected with blocking, torpedo and mine work were carried out. Over the sandy neck of land stands the Chinese town which gives its name to the harbour. The huge mountain beyond, from which the spiral puffs of smoke darted upwards, was Liao-tau-shan. This mountain rears its head 1,500 feet above the sea level, and the indefatigable Russians had fortified it and armed the forts with heavy guns of large calibre, which opened on any of our ships that approached within range. A nearer shoulder of land, cutting the slope of Liao-tau-shan, was Golden Hill, and other hills shut off from view the remainder of the Port Arthur defence works. At the foot of Golden Hill is the entrance into Port Arthur, and on the opposite side is Tiger's Tail. On the latter the Russians had fixed a search-light, which at night was constantly sweeping with its brilliant beam the waters of the bay.

Its light used to enter through my cabin scuttle, illuminating the walls for a brief space ere it passed on, leaving the cabin in greater gloom than before. The general character of the scenery is very similar to Bantry Bay, with its rude, roughly-tilled farms and low thatched farmhouses. Nearly all the islands are occupied by poor Chinese farmers—the entire live stock on one island, exclusive of chickens, consisted of one donkey and one black cow. The smaller islands would afford good grazing for sheep, but the rough grass and undergrowth is reaped by the farmers for winter fodder. There is a storm-swept look about these islands, and on the weather side the cliffs are smooth and look as though they have been black-leaded. There is no sign of trees. On the outermost island there is a fine colony of pigeons, and I and the chief engineer paid them some visits later on, with the result that we had some very good dinners of pigeons and rice. Beyond the islands Admiral Yamada kept guard, from dawn till dark, returning every night to the friendly protection of the haven. It was the first link of the blockade. Closer in—right between the jaws of the bay—the five flotillas of chasers crossed and recrossed, keeping an unwearied watch.

The tide eddies and sweeps around Port Arthur Bay, and it bore with it vagrant mines which had broken adrift from their moorings in the mine fields at the entrance of Port Arthur. Each morning the mine sweeper, with its huge net,

Lieut.-Commander Myake, my torpedo captain.

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swept the channel, and mine creepers, in pairs, towed their grapnels on the bottom to discover and destroy any mines that the Russians might have laid in the fairway during the dark, foggy, or moonless nights. Terrific reports throughout the day testified to the industry of these useful craft and to the necessity for their labours. On several occasions during my stay I watched a mine-ship steaming out on its dangerous errand, and more than once it was only a boat's crew of terribly mutilated sailors that returned. The mining and counter-mining went on unceasingly. Each night our small picquet-boats sneaked along the coast, slipping from headland to headland until they approached the enemy's harbour. There they made a bold dash, and a hail of Russian shot and shell would surround them, as they daringly laid their mines and scuttled back out of the bright beam of the searchlights. But sometimes they never returned.

No. 67 was a second-class torpedo-boat, but by means of bamboo and canvas her appearance had been changed so that in the distance she might easily be mistaken for a first-class destroyer. She was the third boat in the 4th flotilla, and her position in the line of blockade was immediately opposite the entrance to Port Arthur harbour. She was commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Myaki. With three other torpedo-boats we one day left the anchorage and put to sea by way of the inner entrance. A strong south-west gale was blowing at the time and it

severely tested the sea-going qualities of our small craft. We made straight for rendezvous B, within the long-range radius, and a shell from the top of Liao-tau-shan mountain welcomed us by splashing into the water with a loud roar and bursting harmlessly some distance from us. The commodore of the flotilla ignored the Russians' gentle hint, and we continued to cruise to and fro on this rendezvous, keeping in touch with the 3rd and 5th flotillas at either turn. The 3rd flotilla was composed of big destroyers, and the 5th flotilla of torpedo-boats. To thoroughly enjoy a trip like this one needs a strong stomach and no nerves, for both are tested to the uttermost, the one by the active and restless jumping of the vessel, the other by the knowledge that at any moment the boat may run against a Russian contact mine. Only a short time before a chaser of the 2nd flotilla had thirty feet of her stern blown away, although, strangely enough, no one was injured. Two of the officers were in the ward-room at the time, and their escape was little short of miraculous. Being built in water-tight compartments the little vessel did not sink, and she was at once towed back by her consort. It was thought that in dipping in the heavy sea which was running her screw had touched the mine.

About five o'clock Myaki and myself tumbled down to the tiny ward-room for supper. Everything in the ward-room, including ourselves, was kept in a state of perpetual motion, but our boy succeeded in getting us a big pot full of tea

Panorama of a certain harbour—from my mountain. One of the prettiest harbours I've ever seen.

A Russian compliment. The usual shell practice at us.

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and a tin of biscuits, with which, together with some ham and eggs nicely cooked by Myaki himself over a big brazier in the cabin, we made a good meal. Myaki had been in several engagements. He had never been wounded, but he told me that some of the actions had been so fierce that he was soaked to the skin by the water which the shells splashed over the vessel.

"I never thought I should come out of it alive," he added.

We spoke of our homes and families, and he showed me a photograph of a beautiful, clever girl who was waiting for him in Tokyo. She was dressed in the semi-European costume of the Japanese school-girl, and was pictured playing her violin.

The life of a Japanese naval officer, Myaki said, was very hard.

"We are always on duty and seldom get leave, but we are not discontented, for we love our Emperor and his navy so much that we do not complain, however much is asked of us. Our wives are, of course, left very much to themselves, but to pass the time what is there pleasanter for them than study and work? My girl has taken to music, and is a thoroughly earnest student."

He went on deck to relieve the second officer, a sub-lieutenant, who came below and cooked his own supper while I smoked my pipe. We both went on deck when he had finished, he to the fore-bridge, and I hanging on to the guard-rail. The

wind, in the meantime, had dropped, though there was a considerable sea still running, but the motion of the boat was much easier and had lost that obstinate jerking motion which is so unpleasant when steaming against a head sea. The night drew on, and one searchlight after another shot its beam over the waters of the bay. The big searchlight at the harbour's mouth fixed its eye steadily on us for a minute or two.

"Now look out for a shell," Myaki said; but nothing happened.

"I suppose they don't think us worth wasting a shot on," he added.

There was no moon, so we made a deviation in our course which brought us closer in. We expected the Russian torpedo-boats to come out and meet us, and in preparation for this we had a private signal which could only be seen at a distance of five or six hundred yards, and would enable us to distinguish our own boats. It seemed, however, that the whole energies of the garrison and the sailors were devoted to beating off a land attack. The roar of the guns and the sharper cough of the bursting shells was continuous, and the bright star rockets made a fine display. The firing was maintained until after midnight, when it suddenly ceased. We learnt afterwards that the North Fort had been captured several times, but the Russians were too well entrenched in commanding positions with machine guns for the Japanese to hold it. I remained on deck until past midnight, fascinated

by the thrilling drama that was being played before me.

We were experiencing much the same weather as prevailed when the destroyer was blown up, and I confess to feeling "creepy" at times. However, I turned in and slept well until early dawn, when the sea calmed down and lay a rich, deep, violet-blue beneath a dome of indigo. The stars faded and the beams of the rising sun flashed upon the strongholds of Port Arthur. The bay looked peaceful enough, and were it not for the meteor-like spark of the bursting shells, we might have imagined ourselves on a pleasure cruise. Any such vain imaginings were rudely dispelled by the sudden explosion of a contact mine a few yards ahead. As it burst it threw up to an enormous height a vertical column of spray mingled with a transparent brown smoke. For a minute I thought one of our flotilla must have gone, and I counted them several times before I could convince myself that all four were safe. As the day became lighter I noticed two junks, one painted red and the second white, like mark boats at an ordinary regatta, and I learnt that they were moored in their positions to define the limits of rendezvous B.

From the deck of our boat we could plainly see the windows of the houses in Port Arthur, count the guns on Golden Hill, and detect the trenches, shelters and traverses knit together by a network of tracks. We could even see some of the Russian battleships, whilst the masts and fighting-tops

of all towered high over the Tiger's Tail. Two triangular white spots high up the hillside facing the entrance were the beacons to guide ships through the channel by certain cross bearings.

The battle raged continuously throughout the day, but we saw little of it, for our army was struggling for the possession of a fort that was out of our range of vision. Presently a violent explosion on land shook our little vessel and it was followed by a dense cloud of white smoke, rising slowly and majestically out of the earth and gradually expanding into a shape like a gigantic mushroom and larger than the biggest thunder cloud I have ever seen. Three times we saw the huge smoke cloud, and three times there was a deafening roar of gigantic explosions. We clapped our hands and shouted "Banzai!" hoping that the Russians were blowing up the magazine before giving up the fort. But on our return to the harbour the captain of the *Nikko-Maru* told us that the terrific explosions were caused by a new and terrible weapon of destruction known as a land mine.

I was studying with great interest the coast line and general character of the cliffs at the entrance of Port Arthur, where the Russians had sown thousands of mines and placed booms which effectually prevented any vessel without the key of the channel from getting in, wh[en] three-funnel battleship glided out and an[chored] in the outer roads (of dramatic memo[ry]. could not distinguish her n[a]me, but

Japanese shells. 11 in. shell with shimose powder.

Russian mine sweepers.

The *Retsivan*, Russian destroyer.

New Russian battery on the Point.

deck cargo. The rope mantelettes around the bridges and exposed parts make her look heavy and clumsy.

The masts in a torpedo catcher are fitted with a canvas crow's-nest (reached by a Jacob's ladder), where the look-out is stationed. The rigging is heavier than that of a torpedo boat, and a small yard is fitted with blocks for signalling. There is also a long slender bamboo topmast which seems to pierce the sky, from which floats the Commodore's flag, and a small yard for the wireless telegraphy. A canvas bath occupies the gangway of the port side, and around the funnels the men wrap their small Japanese towels to dry them. Between the funnels there is a clothes-line, and packing-cases, boxes, bales and crates of poultry lumber up the deck. Right aft a pair of falcons or, perhaps, pigeons are perched on the side rope, the pets or mascots of the vessel. One torpedo boat's pet was a duck, which used to fly all over the harbour, returning now and then to see that his ship was still in position. Bright patches of colour were introduced into the grey monotony of the torpedo boats by the staring red of the blankets which were often hanging out to air.

The weather becoming thick and wet caused some excitement amongst us, for it was ideal weather for the Russian fleet if they intended to slip out. Everybody was on the *qui vive*, we expected to receive at any moment the warning signal, and I looked forward to an opportunity

of witnessing a fleet action—one of the ambitions of my life. The private or warning signal is very short and to the point, and consists simply of five red lights—dot—three dashes—dot. When it is seen every ship in the harbour must get under weigh and steam for its appointed rendezvous at full speed; it is, in fact, the signal for a concentration or mobilization of the whole fleet. The torpedo boats' station, in the event of the signal being given, would be at the rear of the fleet, for in a general action we take the position of reserves and are a sort of "Marine Cavalry."

The day passed without any alarm, and the following day I obtained permission from Admiral Togo, by wireless telegraphy, to inspect the signal station—"Togo's eye," as I had christened it. The picquet boat took us to the small town where it is situated, and after some difficulty on account of the shallowness of the water we managed to land by going alongside a big Chinese junk and from thence walking ashore along her gang plank. The signal station is perched up on the highest point of the peninsula, and is reached by a rough pathway cut in the mountain side, up which we scrambled. The captain had come ashore with me to give me a personal introduction to the officer in charge, a young lieutenant.

Chinese towns are always dirty, and this was no exception. The houses backed against the beach, conveniently for the depositing of the family refuse and filth, which remains until a

tidal wave or some other rare convulsion of nature clears away the rotting mass of garbage. As the streets of the town were no better we walked by the beach, keeping close to the edge of the sea, and struck the track at the foot of the hill. After a sharp climb we came to the signal camp, which consisted of one tent and a long marquee supported by iron wire guys and protected from the fury of the storms by a strong wall of stones. We called first at the tent to see the officer. After tea, cigarettes and compliments he led us to the summit to see the simple, yet important, signalling arrangements. On the very top the rock had been flattened over an area of about 12 or 14 square feet, and a bamboo flagstaff firmly embedded. The look-out was stationed on a knife-like neck connecting the outer cliff to the mainland, and a telescope of great magnifying power was fixed on a tripod, with a packing-case for a seat. One of the three sailors always had an eye glued to the telescope, watching every change and movement at the entrance of the harbour of Port Arthur. Signals were sent to Admiral Togo hourly if all was quiet, but any movement on the part of the Russians was, of course, signalled immediately. I looked through the telescope and could plainly distinguish the Russian soldiers. The enemy's signal station was in full view, and the Russians constantly indulged in a little target practice at our flagstaff, which they never succeeded in hitting.

We remained at the signal station for an hour admiring the view, which as a cliff subject is, from an artist's point of view, incomparable. The point of the peninsula runs straight off in perspective into the ocean, and the crags rise up sheer from the blue sea, the wild waters of which have undermined the cliffs with caves and quarried wonderful arches as proportionate as if they had been designed by an architect. The sheer drop of the cliff on either side of the telescope platform made me feel dizzy, and a short time after I heard that one of the sailors had fallen over and, of course, was killed instantly.

also made it their head-quarters when I was at home. The mother was a handsome chestnut-brown dog with eyes soft like a woman's. Cheesi, the son, was a brilliant black puppy, with tan marks, the peculiar and interesting point about him being the lower jaw, which was so small and undeveloped that it gave him quite a weird expression. Cheesi found a great difficulty in opening his mouth to eat, and this drawback made him very irritable. He was very sensitive about his deformity, too, and if I pointed my finger at it he strongly resented it and went for me. But he was a nice little fellow, and we were great friends.

The alternate beat out into the Bay and return to the harbour was becoming as monotonous to me as his beat is to a London policeman, except sometimes when we afforded the Russians a little target practice. A change came, however, whenever I took a run out to the *Mikassa* to see Admiral Togo, who was always at his post. I asked permission to land, as I was desirous of making a picture of the Port Arthur fighting from as near a point of view as possible. He enquired as to what arrangements I proposed to make, and I told him I had my tent and camp outfit with me and only wanted his permission to land. He told me to make my mind quite easy, and he would arrange everything and let me know by signal. I returned to the *Nikko-Maru* in high spirits, and at once looked up the camp gear and saw that the tent was all ready and the guy

ropes, pegs, and other paraphernalia in good working order.

Whilst waiting for Togo's signal to me I made several interesting trips, one of the most exciting of which was in the mine sweeper. Mine sweepers are destined to play a prominent part in future naval operations, but in the present instance an ordinary merchant steamer was used. A derrick was stepped in the forecastle, and there were four long spars fitted with gear for holding the net at the corners. At the foot of the net were two blocks, and a pulley is rove from the ends of the upper spars to these blocks, to ensure keeping the net at least thirty feet away from the ship. This big net is lowered about twenty feet in the water, and the ship steams ahead fishing up the mines, the method being not unlike prawn fishing on a large scale. Our fishing did not result in a catch, but I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the method in operation. It is, of course, highly dangerous work, for if the net fails to catch the mine the latter inevitably strikes the vessel. Several vessels were lost in this manner by the Japanese, therefore vessels of any great value were not used for the work. The captain and officers took great pains to explain everything to me most thoroughly, and after their valuable information I shall be able to construct a vessel which will do this work with more certainty and less risk to her crew. The persistent work had very nearly cleared the fixed mines in the vicinity, and those that had broken loose and

searched the hills in the neighbourhood. Hiring a donkey for the day, and loading him with water-bottles, rations, and painting materials, we set off as merrily as a lot of schoolboys. Our way lay through the town, the first portion being a rough esplanade, which seemed to have been appropriated by a rope-making business, the temporary gear being put up without the least consideration for the traffic, and the work carried on amid all the bustle of the street. It was further blocked by various tradesmen—smiths, shoemakers, and others—and every other available part of the street was occupied by hawkers. It appeared that the shopkeepers' premises extended to the centre of the road, and they charged the hawkers a small rent, or "squeeze" as they call it in China. The traffic threaded its way as best it could through this improvised bazaar, the Chinese policeman ignoring the obstruction, for the shopkeepers all gave him a little "squeeze," which relieved his mind of any further responsibility in the matter.

On leaving the town our path skirted a large brackish piece of water in shape like an irregular triangle, and on one side is the city of the living, and on the other the city of the dead. The refuse of the town and the drainage of the burial ground are probably filling the place with bacilli, but the ducks seemed to enjoy it, swallowing the loathsome stuff, including cubic yards of germs, greedily. The family washing was also done there, and should any unnatural Chinaman

think of taking a bath I have no doubt that he would go to that spot and add to its unwholesomeness.

There is a wild beauty about the barren-looking mountains, and they are further interesting from the fact that a battle was fought there early in the war, when the Russians made a very strong effort to retain the position. The Russians had set up both telegraph and telephone between this place and Port Arthur, which, as my Japanese friends remarked, " was very kind and thoughtful of Alexieff, as it saved the Japanese a lot of trouble." The wires had, of course, been diverted to Nogi's head-quarters, thus placing him in direct communication with Admiral Togo. At the foot of the mountains the path crosses the rocky and boulder-strewn bed of a mountain stream, but, the season being dry, water was only to be obtained in the deeper holes. Native Chinese paths are not remarkable for smoothness, and the one we ascended was no exception to the general rule. The first part of the climb made me feel that I was very much out of condition. The sun shone brightly, and on the way up we met but little traffic, only a fish hawker and a Chinese pedlar, carrying their goods in the usual milk-maid style, and a small string of donkeys with their burdens and some Japanese cavalrymen leading their horses. The mountains were somewhat barren, being clothed chiefly with coarse grass, hardy, stunted bushes, and a few small Canterbury bells, ox-eye daisies of a salmon tint

cumuli were caused by the black powder smoke of the heavy Russian guns, and the Shimosi powder gave the thunderclouds with circular lightning darts as the powerful explosive rent the shells. The roar and rattle of these death-dealing missiles jarred horribly on our ears as we gazed upon the fair view before us.

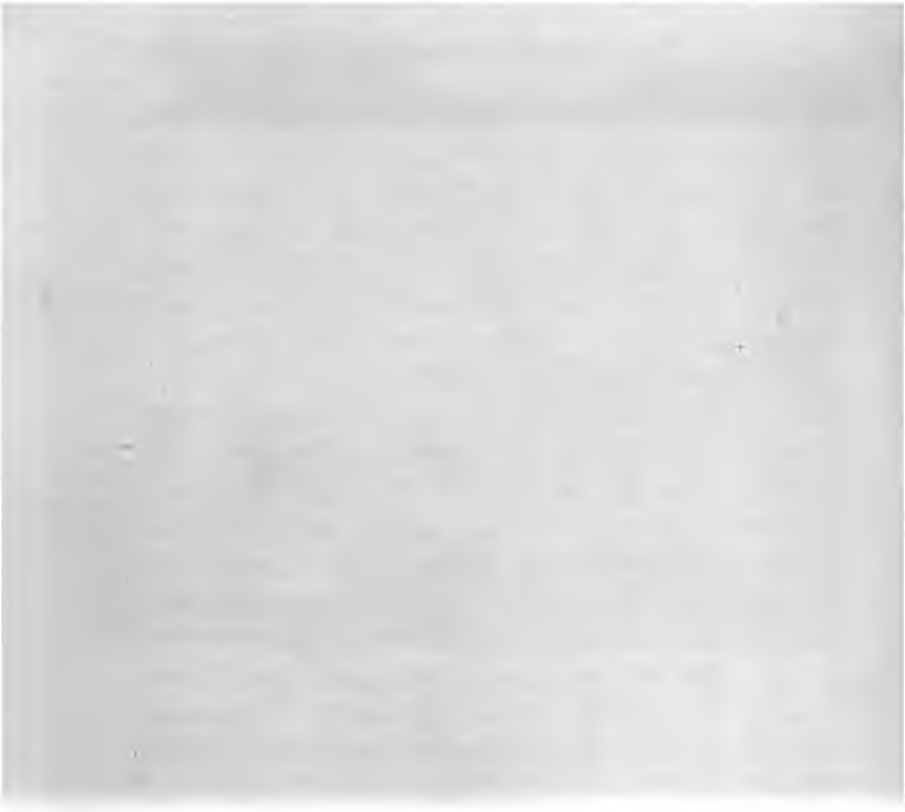
Six mine boats were working at the mouth of Port Arthur harbour, and several torpedo-boats and fishers crossed and recrossed the small area of water which was all in the wide expanse that mighty Russia could call her own. Beyond Port Arthur rose the tragic 203 Metre Hill, and away to the left rose the peninsula of Liao-tau-shan, from the highest peak of which spouts of smoke marked the position of the heavy guns on its crest. On that eminence the Port Arthur generals said they would make their final stand.

I turned and faced the east. The peaceful Bay of Dalny gleamed like an emerald, and the smoke of the tall chimneys suggested industry. The mountains between us and the beautiful bay already bore names bestowed on them by the conquerors. One small, peaked hill had been named (after the sacred mountain of Japan) Little Fujiyama. Around its base swept the military road made by the Russians to connect the harbour below with Dalny. It passed through the rich plain, with the ripening corn standing on either side—a beautiful picture of peace. The panorama was completed by the continuous range of the mountains to the north.

My expedition up the mountain.

My escort on the mountain.

[*To face page*



We remained watching the progress of the fight until the declining sun warned us that we were due at the beach before dusk. We hurriedly scrambled down, reaching the shore at 6.30, but we were compelled to wait until 7.0, on account of the lowness of the tide, and even then had to take a sampan to get to the launch.

I was very glad to see in command of the launch one of my friends, who had gone away the night before on a mine-laying expedition off Port Arthur, and not returning when expected had caused us much anxiety as to his fate. He told me that the reason of his delay was that he had been unable to get away until the moon rose, and then he had to lie low behind a promontory until he got a chance of running the gauntlet of the Russian guns successfully. He seemed to treat the matter as a joke, although the captain told me he had not expected to see him again, as he had ventured too far.

On our way out a mechanical mine exploded at the other end of the harbour, and a pillar of black smoke shot up quite two hundred feet into the air. I reached the ship at 7.30, and sat watching the various coloured lights of the different shells and star rockets before turning in.

In the morning I breakfasted early and went ashore with the usual escort and First-Lieutenant-Commander Yonehara, who wanted to see the fighting. I had some difficulty with the donkeys, having to hire two fresh ones, as the poor creature who carried my pack the day before had

gone lame. The news of my presence must have been noised abroad, as all the town, apparently, had turned out to see the first Englishman who had ever landed there. I found the road hard, and my feet were tender from the previous day's climb. On reaching the summit of the first mountain we saw that the fighting was still going on, but in more desultory fashion, for the Japanese, having captured a position the day before, were taking things more easily. I noticed, however, that the Russians had mounted a new battery of four guns.

The most interesting sight was seaward, where the mine creepers were busy at work assisted by some torpedo catchers, while over against Liao-tau-shan one of our gunboats carried on a quick-firing duel with a Russian ship, which finally retired to Port Arthur. This, together with the fact that they had been clearing a passage through their own mines at the entrance, seemed to indicate that they were thinking of making a dash for Vladivostock.

Just below us we saw a torpedo catcher discover a floating mine, and from our position we were able to see the whole procedure. After shooting at the mine without result it was set on fire, and the torpedo catcher raced away for dear life at 25 knots an hour, her consort steaming towards her in case of accident. But this mine behaved very mildly, expending its energy in smoke and flame. The *Nishen* and *Kasuga*, the two Italian cruisers sold to the Japanese by the Elswick

company, lay about ten miles to seaward, while further off, and too far to distinguish clearly, a cruiser was coaling from a collier.

The sun having scorched me rather badly, I did not accompany Lieutenant Yonehara and one of my escort in their climb up the higher mountain (Sho-cho), where they hoped to obtain a more extensive view. They went off like school boys but came back tired, hot and dusty, with their tongues hanging out for want of water. A bottle of cool beer, however, soon restored their exhausted energies. I had been sketching during their absence and I found that my Chinese donkey-man was quite an art critic, for, in the intervals of hunting insects in the neighbourhood of his pigtail, he criticized my drawing freely.

We started back earlier this time and by a shorter track, but, before we left, Yonehara took some photographs of us with his plate camera, which turned out very well. It was very amusing to watch the Chinese women in the fields scuttle away at our approach, but we did not regret their shyness, for their appearance was too revolting to make us wish for a closer view of them. We halted at the mountain stream for the donkeys to drink, and I noticed then, as I had noticed before, that the Chinaman is generally kind to his animals.

I got back to the ship at 6.0, winding up the day with a good Japanese supper of chicken soup. My tea-pot would not pour out properly, so Fuki-Shima, my new boy, seized it, blew

down the spout till it gurgled and then triumphantly filled my cup. I said nothing, and meekly drank it.

The Japanese shells had been exploding well inside Port Arthur, and it became a question of how long the Russians could stand the racket, but the next morning the forts and batteries were silent; the Japanese were digging, and the Russians were evidently determined not to waste their ammunition.

I had no companions on my next trip ashore, as all hands were busy coaling ship. Down in the bay the Russian mine boats were busy, and one torpedo boat was watching at the entrance. Togo's fleet was more to the westward, right opposite the entrance to Port Arthur. The same evening I was pleased to hear from Admiral Togo that I had his permission to pitch my tent in the vicinity of the military lines, where I could paint my Port Arthur picture. I again got out my tent for inspection and made a list of things that I might require for repairing it.

A torpedo boat came in towing a big junk with the usual unhappy crowd of Chinamen aboard, and later in the day it was rumoured that the remainder of the Vladivostock Squadron had put to sea again with the intention of trying to form a junction with the Port Arthur ships.

My tent was a Cabul and an object of interest to the sailo[illegible]pitched it on the shelter-deck and in [illegible]he fittings, so that, when I [illegible]ould be in order. My camp

kit consisted of the tent, bed, sheepskin blanket, canteen, tea-set, saddle and saddle-bags, bamboos for various purposes, flour, rice, jam, biscuits, sardines, butter, candles and matches, besides my personal baggage. I estimated that six donkeys would be necessary, for two donkeys would be wanted for the tent alone. My companions were to be two bluejackets, to act as guard, and my servant. My sheepskin sleeping bag was well-shaken and aired, for some fleas from the dogs had found the soft fleeces very cosy. A little insect powder and the sun drove them from their snug home. The arrangements for my comfort were very complete. Water was to be sent from the ship, and it was arranged that the doctor should pay me a visit at least once a week. Two sailors were to live with me as a guard, and if the ship should have to go to Sado Point for a day or two and they had to join her the *Kioto Maru* was to take over the duties of supplying me with a guard.

"You see," the captain said, "we are responsible to Admiral Togo for your safety."

I rose early the next morning and packed. The tent and a month's supplies had been already placed in the large sampan, and everything was ready by eight o'clock. As I went over the side the doctor threw the Cheesi dog into the launch. The novelty of his surroundings seemed to terrify the little animal, and he shivered miserably throughout the passage. With the officers and bluejackets, who had been sent with

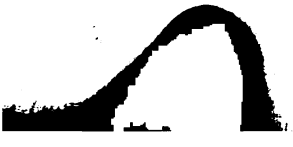
me to pitch my tent and see that I was made comfortable in my camp, I landed on the wet beach, for although the place has been in existence since the time of Confucius there is no pretence of a landing-place. The crowd of Chinese loafers and idlers greeted me with the usual apathetic curiosity. I paid a visit to the store to arrange for supplies of fuel (wood and charcoal), and my boy picked out some old oil jars which he said he intended to convert into a furnace. Soldiers were there, the sentry being comfortably seated in an armchair at the doorway. I called on the officer, and he introduced me to another gentleman in uniform, who turned out to be a Chinese interpreter. This was a piece of luck, as I was able to make all my wants understood, and, through his influence, I procured six stout donkeys and some donkeymen of about the same order of intelligence as the animals in their charge.

I had engaged a number of coolies with spades and hoes to clear the camping ground, as I had decided to pitch my tent with the opening facing Port Arthur. After a great deal of trouble, owing to the rough and rocky character of the ground, we managed to pitch the tent. The usual artillery duel was in progress, and I noticed that some of the guns from the new battery were trying the range of Admiral Yamada's flagship, and that several of the shells burst on the shoulder of the mountain only about 500 yards away from us. I was beginning to doubt the wisdom of

my choice of camping ground, when two officers and a cavalry picket appeared and confirmed my doubts. The Russian gunnery had improved very much since the beginning of the fighting and, the senior officer said, smiling, the gunners were very clever at hitting tents. This officer was in command of the district and he told me courteously, but decisively, that I must move out of the danger zone, which I was willing enough to do. Accordingly the whole camp had to be struck and repacked on the donkeys, and a new site selected. I finally decided on the small plateau which I had first chosen. It was late in the afternoon ere I was comfortably settled, but I found my new situation an improvement on the first, as it was sheltered from the keen wind. The officers insisted on my giving them a list of everything that I might require, and what they could not get from the ship they promised to order from the Chinese store. I walked part of the way with them on their way down, leaving them at a small gorge which I called the gate of my estate.

There was one almost insuperable difficulty in organizing my new mode of life, for of my establishment the two Japanese sailors could not easily make themselves understood to the half-dozen Chinamen, the Chinamen could not easily understand me, and I could not speak the language of either. But we managed to get along. My live stock consisted of fowls, donkeys and the little Cheesi dog, who seemed to grow large with the dignity of his self-assumed office

of watch-dog. He barked fiercely at the Chinamen, the fowls and even the donkeys, and when my bed was made he jumped into the middle of it, coiled himself up and went to sleep, feeling, no doubt, that he had begun his duties well and fairly earned a nap. In the meantime I had begun to think about supper. My Japanese servant had been unable to make the furnace out of the earthenware jars for the simple reason that he had no tools, so my only load of wood was quickly burnt out in boiling the kettle. My supper consisted of tea, biscuits and bouille. My two sailors brought their mats and blankets into my tent, and the Chinamen roosted among the rocks some distance away—a precaution which, owing to their filthy habits, was absolutely necessary.



CHAPTER IX.

In camp on the mountain—My naval bodyguard—Sketching on the mountain top—The storming of Double Dragon Fort—The night attack—The storm—The *Retsivan* out again—The Russian destroyers come out—Two steamers run the blockade—I strike camp and return to my ship—*Bushido.*

I AWOKE in the morning feeling very fit—the effect of sleeping in the beautiful, fresh mountain air. My first thought was a bath, and this I was able to enjoy after waiting a while, one of my donkeys coming in after a journey of six miles to the mountain torrent to fetch it. My water buckets were old paraffin tins, well scoured with hot water and soda. For breakfast I fancied a broiled chicken and gave orders accordingly to the Chinese cook when he came ducking at the tent door. I tried to make him understand what I wanted by scratching Chinese characters on a bare piece of ground in front of the tent, and after arguing and shouting in various languages he at last became aware of the fact that he was to kill a fowl. I had a small Japanese dictionary of terms, but the only words I could find bearing on the subject were "Fowl" and "Corpse," so I ordered him to "corpse a fowl." The fowl was duly

"corpsed" and the body brought to me for further instructions. From the Chinaman's signs I gathered that he intended to cook the bird with its feathers on, and he did not think it necessary to clean it! I set to work and gave him a lesson, which he learnt readily enough, but when I told him to cook the bird he said that there was no fire. This was annoying, to say the least, and after all my trouble I had to fall back on the bouille beef tin and biscuits and water.

With my field-glasses I was able to scan the whole country, and I was glad to see the party from the ship crossing the sandy spit with my supplies. It would take a couple of hours for the supplies to reach my camp, so I went to the mountain top to watch the progress of the fighting.

The Japanese had succeeded in establishing themselves in a very strong position, which the Russians were endeavouring to retake. It was a most important position, for it commanded a portion of the harbour and town. The fighting was very severe, and I heard afterwards that the casualty list on each side was terribly heavy.

About noon the donkeys, packed with my supplies, arrived, coming up to the camp at a run. One donkey was loaded with the much-needed wood, a bag of charcoal, and two earthenware pots. The Japanese sailor, like his British prototype, is essentially a handy man, and, with an iron tent-peg and the mallet, he proceeded to manufacture a furnace. A square hole

knocked in the front of one of the pots and two or three holes at the back to ensure a draught, making an excellent stove, which he immediately put to use, boiling the rice and grilling the chicken. I set the coolies to work to dig a trench round the

a picket

A small party of blue jacket. Keep boat out on the Russian mining boats.

camp, in case it should come on to rain, and in the afternoon I went up to select a spot on which to plant my easel. It was difficult at first to get the Chinamen to understand what I wanted, but I made one carry the easel and water, and the second the paint boxes and my camp stool, and in

a few days this became a regular routine and my paraphernalia was daily taken up and fixed while I breakfasted. Nearly every day one or other of the officers came to see me, and my two sailors were relieved as regularly as when on ordinary duty. It was easy work for them. Each pair spent twenty-four hours in my camp looking after me, and, in fact, never losing sight of me, their relief from the ship coming at 8.0 the following morning and so on for the four or five weeks of my stay, so that, during my residence on the mountain, I had altogether nearly half the ship's company to guard me. In fact, I was treated almost like a royal personage. The doctor paid me a visit twice a week, and any officer who might be passing to the hill top invariably called to see me.

I ran my tent on the lines of a Japanese house. On the floor I spread grass mats, and I and my friends always took off our boots before entering. This ensured absolute cleanliness. I wore the *kimono* and did a good deal of my work on the floor in Japanese fashion. At first I was troubled with flies, but I moved the kitchen further away and kept the donkeys on another hill, and the few flies that remained were killed by my Japanese guard, who fashioned an ingenious flapper of a pliant splint of bamboo, with which they stalked the wily fly and never failed to kill, clearing the tent completely of the pests.

I soon settled down in my new surroundings. I [illegible] the greater part of each day on the moun-

tain top with my field-glasses and water-colours, generally remaining there until the sun sank in splendour behind the mountains on which the fighting raged, the figures of the combatants standing out in sharp silhouette against the red disc. Throughout the nights the big guns boomed, but the mine-laying boats were unable to work effectively on account of the bright moonlight.

On my second morning I bathed in the fowls' drinking pan, which had been cleaned out for the occasion, and one of my sailors scrubbed my back and swabbed me down. A little later one of my guards ran in to tell me that my friend the interpreter was coming up the mountain with a present for me—a fine tai-fish. The tai-fish is a sort of sea perch or red snapper and is justly called the salmon of Japan. It is equally good hot or cold, and, by the Japanese, is esteemed a great delicacy when eaten raw. Of course I had to leave everything to meet my friend and express my pleasure at his gift, and I invited him to stay and share it. He was a charming and well-informed man and gave me a great deal of information about the surrounding country—the names of the mountains and valleys, and the spots where the fiercest battles had been fought. The big mountain Sho-cho, he told me, was the scene of one of the most ghastly battles on record, and, although some weeks had passed, many of the dead Russian soldiers still lay where they fell. It was on this mountain that the enemy first used stones and rocks to hurl down upon the

Shells bursting over Port Arthur.
The Engineer Commander.

A "painter" on the battlefield. Photographed by the boatswain.

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attacking force. He pointed out the new position of one of the Russian searchlights. We could plainly distinguish it on the nearest point of land held by the Russians, and we could also see that it was masked by a projecting cliff from the Japanese guns.

The new Russian battery was getting a "dusting" that morning, and the concentrated fire of a number of batteries and an 11-in. gun was gradually crumbling the ridge that protected it. I could see the Japanese shells dropping in the battery and bursting among the guns, and I marvelled how anything could remain alive in the place. I could see men being carried away and several motionless figures lying prone, which revealed the deadly nature of the Japanese fire; but the Rooski stuck well to his guns and maintained the fight all day.

I found the autumn sun too strong in the afternoon, and, my fingers beginning to sting and nasty-looking red blotches appearing on them, I postponed working until after four o'clock. It was good weather for the haymakers, and every patch of grass and herbage was mown. A rough sort of sickle, something like a large knife-blade inserted into a handle at an angle of forty-five degrees, was used by the mowers. Whole families turned out, with donkeys, to help with the haymaking.

I was told by some officers who came from the ship that a big battle was imminent, as the Japanese intended to capture the Double Dragon, or North Fort. That formidable work

had been nearly taken more than once, bu the rapid fire of machine guns from differen protected positions effectually prevented ou soldiers from holding it. The shell storm begar as we settled ourselves among the rocks or the mountain top and looked over towards Port Arthur. The general plan of the ring of the forts could be distinguished and we could see the military road connecting them at the back, and also discern the movements of the Russian troops. So far as I could see the road was perfectly safe for traffic, the Japanese shells passing over it. From where I sat my position was as good as that of an umpire at military manœuvres, for I could see both sides—the attacking force, and the defenders. The ball opened with one of the most terrific bombardments that it has ever been my lot to witness. The number of guns in action could not have been less than 500. The position was roughly as follows : The Japanese army had already captured the first line of defence and Fort Kuropatkin had also fallen, so that the Russians were hemmed in behind the permanent defences of the city, and the battle I was watching was an attempt on the part of the Japanese to break through on the flanks and capture the remaining defences.

The tide of battle rolled from right to left, white globes of smoke expanded and floated away like folds of lace, and the dirty black of the Shimosi powder seemed to tear up the earth

28th Sep. 1904

Dear Sir,

We send here some wooden pieces & coal you requested and also your cleaned shirts & trousers.

my captain. thanks for your kind invitation but at present the enemy's battle-ships in the port are receiving the severe attacks by our cannons & perhaps within a few days they will be pushed out into the outside of the port. In that case one ship must cut off the cable & run away. Accordingly now the captain's responsibility do very heavy and he can not pay a visit to you.

I think you can concentrate your all power to painting day by day and you are very comfortable. May I visit you? I like I spend a very pleasant day in the tent of the hill.

Assistant paymaster
U. Ohno

Our venerable gentleman
Mr. Seppings Wright
On the hill

as it burst, with a terrific report, from the shells. Through my glasses I saw a snow-white cloud which appeared to descend to the earth, and, as I watched, it was suddenly riven asunder and drifted like morning mist to the hill tops. It was the smoke of the 11-in. gun.

Suddenly the Japanese guns ceased firing. The infantry were marching to the assault. I watched the broken ranks as they hurried forward, led by a man wearing a noticeable white belt, who, I learnt afterwards, was General Ichenohe. The advance was stopped by the Chinese wall, which seemed an insuperable barrier, and there was a halt. But suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air, and when the smoke cleared away I saw a breach in the wall through which streamed forward again the conquering army. Hundreds of small Banzai flags sprang up in the ranks until they resembled a grove of flowering trees.

The position was won, and this time it was held. With the exception of a few desultory shots, the battle was over. It lasted from morning until just before sundown, and in the night the Japanese made their position secure. The following day there was a lull in the fighting, for both sides paused to rest and bury their dead.

My daily donkey brought me a letter from Mr. Ono, saying that as the Japanese guns were searching the harbour it was thought likely that the Russian ships would come out, and in such case the torpedo boats would fall back behind the fleet.

My fuel went very quickly, for I found the Chinamen used—or said they had—a donkey-load to cook one chicken! Some beef was sent from the ship, which my Japanese sailors cooked with sugar, and I found it excellent. Hitherto I had been busy with my sketches for my big panorama picture, but the day after the assault I spent lazily putting the camp in order and generally "taking it easy." I found my Chinese cook straining the soup through his towel, which also did duty for a dish rag. I remonstrated with him, and at first refused the soup, but he seemed so hurt that finally I gulped it down. But it stuck in my throat and became no more palatable when he removed a drowning fly from it with his tooth pick. Two magnificent eagles kept flying and circling around me, so low down that I could plainly distinguish their eyes. I found, however, that I was not the attraction; the birds had designs upon Cheesi doggie, who was gnawing a bone quite unaware of his imminent danger. I picked up a stone, and as I prepared to throw it at the great birds I noticed that it glinted in the sunlight. I examined it, and found it was highly mineralized, and I brought it home and had it tested, with good results. My Chinese boy brought me a bunch of wild chrysanthemums. The blossoms were very small, but they were of the richest yellow and made a nice, bright splash of colour in my tent.

Heavy firing began again in the evening, and I ascended the hill to watch it. The star-studded

seemed hardly possible that the entire fleet could get out to sea.

After dinner we sat in the tent looking out towards Togo's fleet. Two cruisers and one battleship were slowly cruising to and fro between Signal Hill and Cap Island. At 4 p.m. the captain left, and I went as far as the defile to see him off. On the way I picked up a purse, which turned out to be his, and he explained to me that his servant had brought a warmer coat for him to put on when he reached the pass and, in changing, the purse must have dropped out.

One of my body-guard having to remain on duty for an extra turn was the cause of some amusement to me, for the two good fellows nearly quarrelled in their desire to be the one to take the extra duty.

The military officer from the town called to wish me good-bye and introduce his relief. He had been promoted to some post at Dalny. I was sorry to lose him, for he spoke a little Chinese, and was very useful in getting me provisions. My interpreter friend, too, turned up with some tins of butter.

I taught my cook to make an Irish stew with beef, potatoes, pumpkin and onions. While the cooking was going on I went for a walk, getting back at eight o'clock. The stew was only half done when I returned, but because it was eight o'clock the Chinaman thought it must be dished up. It took a long time to explain to him that it was more important for it to be cooked.

Cruisers and torpedo destroyers off Port Arthur.

[*To face page*

Over Port Arthur dense clouds of smoke were rising, and I counted six distinct columns which seemed to indicate that the Russian ships were going to move.

A beautiful cloudscape grew up over Dalny, and I tried to paint it. Several strong puffs of wind failed to warn me of the approaching change in the weather, and I was caught by the full fury of an icy blast, which sent down the temperature to freezing point. But half-an-hour before it stood at 80°. My tent began to flap about in a very disconcerting manner; presently a guy-rope snapped, and then a tent-peg flew out. The torpedo boats ran for shelter to the western arm of the harbour, and the storm broke with an advance guard of dust and small stones, which swept away my tent, kitchen, and everything over the mountain side. Everyone tried to save something, and for a time there was a panic. Fortunately the tent dropped, like a spent balloon, among some rocks which were sheltered by an overhanging cliff. There, among the stones and rocks, we propped up what remained of it, and collected our things inside. With much labour and difficulty we got the uprights fixed, when the ridge pole broke. We overcame this difficulty with a piece of rope, and finally got the tent up. The Chinamen long since had burrowed among the caves, like rabbits, with the exception of our old cook, who succeeded in making a fire in a sheltered corner and brewed us a kettle of hot tea. We then set to work again,

strengthening the tent ropes, until nightfall, when my two sailors and myself turned in. The Chinamen, a fantasy of plunging donkeys, whirling pigtails and dust, had started for the town. All night it blew, and at 2 a.m. away went the fly, and the constant jerking of the ropes loosened all the pegs. At 2.30 all hands were out in the freezing blast holding up the poles and trying to secure the tent. We spent an hour or so thus, and then the gale lulled and we managed to secure the ropes once more. But we had very little sleep, for at six o'clock the tent fell flat on top of us. We put heavy stones on it to keep it where it fell, and crawled into one of the caves and lighted a fire. No Chinamen or donkeys turned up in the morning, and, after a council of war, I decided to go to the town with one of the sailors, take the ridge pole for the smith to repair, buy rope and mats, and build my home again. The wind was so strong that all the shops in the town were closed except that of my merchant, who fortunately had the Japanese troops billeted on him, as they objected to being boxed up in the store. I discovered a smith, who at first refused to do the work until the next day, but by dint of threatening and cajoling I managed to change his mind, and in half-an-hour he had turned out a neat job. As no steamboat could come from the ship owing to the weather, my excellent henchman could not be relieved, and he willingly re-

t th me.

ıe smith was doing my work I could not

help noticing again what dirty beasts Chinamen are. Words cannot describe the dirt and vermin that encrust their bodies. Even on the working, visible parts the colour of the skin is only apparent through the cracks of this loathsome coating. Men, women and children all wallow and sleep in dirt, and the women and girls are, of course, crippled by the way in which their feet are compressed.

I made my purchases and loaded up the donkeys with fresh vegetables, firewood, and some food, and once more ascended to my airy dwelling. We put up the tent, and with the new guy-ropes it seemed fit to stand a typhoon. The sea was smiling, and there was no trace of last night's storm save a larger number of mine sweepers and look-out ships. After such a blow many of the Russian mines would have broken adrift and make the work of the blockading squadrons highly dangerous. The Japanese in the bay were having a little gun practice at some of the floating mines.

I regretted more than ever that I had brought no gun, as I saw a large number of wild duck within easy shot, and I kicked up quail as I walked along. Rock pigeons were quite tame, and large flocks of geese, making their way south, almost touched the ridge of my mountain. The southward flight of these birds told of the near approach of winter.

It seemed to me that Port Arthur could not hold out much longer. The whole of the east side

of the Russian position was being raked, and nothing could possibly live in such a cyclone of shells.

I got some fresh eggs the day after the storm, which were a welcome addition to my stores, and the needle and thread arriving from the ship my sailors started to repair the damages.

I was awakened suddenly at dawn the following morning by the loudest crash of thunder I have ever heard, and pit! pit! fell the rain in large drops. Then with a roar and a rattle hail showered down, and the lightning seemed to dart among the rocks. I began to think that mountain life was sickening. I could see nothing except the grey screen of hail. Only once before have I seen anything approaching it, and that was in South Africa. The storm at last seemed to roll over the edge of the mountain and sink beneath my feet, and tore its way out over the sea.

Just below me was a miniature harbour which I had often wished to visit. It first attracted me by reason of its resemblance to a little cove in Cornwall, and afterwards by the possibilities it presented for obtaining a constant supply of fish. I took the usual party—the bodyguard, my boy, the Chinaman, the donkey, and the Cheesi dog. Although the cove was directly beneath us we were stopped, after going a few hundred yards, by a huge precipice, which necessitated our making a detour of nearly a couple of miles. The inhabitants in this part struck me as being

unusually clean. There were half-a-dozen families in all, with about the same number of boats. The men were employed in mending their nets, and the women in digging *diakon* (a sort of radish) from the small enclosures. Through my boy I made them understand that I wanted fish, and they immediately launched a boat, and dragged a net, with the disappointing result of half-a-dozen fish no bigger than sprats. They explained that the weather was getting too cold. They lived in this peaceful hamlet all through the war, and followed their usual avocations even when the battle raged above them. One object of interest that they showed us was the case of a six-inch shell, which one day came like a meteor, and exploded with a deafening noise against the cliffs which shut in the houses. This piece of shell is looked upon by them as a sort of god, and it stands on a pedestal in the middle of the beach. We did not waste much time at the hamlet, but started to the opposite side, skirting the coast to see an old Chinese shrine, which stood in solitude on a promontory some two miles distant, and from which we hoped to get a better view of the entrance to Port Arthur. We spent half-an-hour there, and wended our way back through one of the wild valleys that are a feature of the neighbourhood.

The following morning, hearing that the Russian battleships were coming out into the bay, I hurried up to my observatory on the mountain top and saw one of them, the *Retsivan*, guarded

by four destroyers, leaving the protection of the harbour for the outer roads, where she anchored. She was in a rather exposed position, and had already been struck several times. As she moved slowly and majestically out Japanese shells burst around and over her, until she rounded a point of Tiger Island, which gave her some protection. Four mine ships were sweeping ahead of her, evidently to clear a channel. This seemed like the beginning of the end, and I had a fine view of her throughout the day. One of my Japanese guard remarked:

"The Rooski have not much *mesimese*." *Mesimese* is Chinese for food.

The Japanese flotillas swarmed in the bay, so that the fate of the *Retsivan* seemed as if it would be settled either by torpedo or shell. She was between the devil and the deep sea. All the ships in Port Arthur harbour were firing up, but Togo's fleet was right opposite and barred their way. Two battleships steamed slowly in as if to challenge the *Retsivan*. If the rest of the Russian ships had come out they would have experienced a similar fate to that of the Spanish ships at Santiago. Every Japanese battleship, cruiser and torpedo boat was on the move. A shell fell within two hundred yards of my tent and burst, tearing up a pit in the ground three or four yards broad and quite as deep, as was testified by one of my sailors who stood in the hole for me to see. This decided me to prospect for a safer spot. I had noticed, some three or four hundred yards away, some

huge boulders, and towards these Cheesi and I strolled. These boulders were about the size of an ordinary two-storied English villa, and two of them lay at right angles to each other, the triangular patch between them being sheltered from every wind but that which blew from the south. The herbage in this spot was more luxuriant than elsewhere on the mountain, which convinced me of its mildness. There was a cleft in the angle of the rocks about two feet wide through which the north wind might blow, and to prevent this I had it neatly blocked with stones. I then set my Chinamen to work to clear the space of all small rocks and level the ground, and on this pleasant site I pitched my tent. Although the position was so sheltered, I could still enjoy a full view of the bay. My new arrangements were scarcely finished when the Russians gave a grand display of shell fire. They seemed to have got suddenly angry, and every gun in Port Arthur appeared to be doing its utmost to fire away all the ammunition.

The doctor called and spent a long day with me, telling me all the news. General Nogi was reinforcing his army, and a big battle was expected in about a month's time. Some Japanese fishermen had been becalmed before Port Arthur, and a Russian picquet boat came and took all the fish, offering them two yen in payment, but the Japanese refused the money, saying that the Russians were welcome to the fish. The Russians then made enquiries as to the strength of the

to sea. The driving rain obscured my view for a while, but it cleared, and I was able to see all the subsequent movements. The Russian destroyers formed into single line and steered straight towards the *Chenyen*, Admiral Yamada's flagship, which was just off the signal point in company with four destroyers. As the Russians made this move two of the Japanese destroyers (apparently a part of the 2nd flotilla) steered in from the bay to meet them, firing as they approached. These two headed the Russians, going straight for them, and a third destroyer left her position near the flagship to reinforce them. The *Chenyen* was firing her bow guns, which, with the fire of our torpedo-boats, caused the Russians to swerve, and they followed the curve back to the entrance to the harbour, where they remained. The gunboat which had come out with them had stayed there all the time, and she appeared to have received some damage at the beginning of the action.

I had noticed the sound of heavy firing to the south-west, in the direction of Encounter Rock, the scene of one of Togo's battles, but I could see nothing on account of the rain. When it cleared, however, I saw two steamers coming in, partially hidden by a thick squall that was driving up behind them. The two Japanese torpedo-boats had started back to take up their first position, and it seemed to me that they were now making for these two steamers. These were, however, again screened by the squall, and successfully

reached their journey's end at Port Arthur. These steamers carried provisions and medical comforts to the beleaguered garrison, and the Russian torpedo raid was merely a blind to cover the approach of these two blockade runners, so that it was a good day for the Russians.

My last drawing being finished, my stay on the mountain came to an end, and I went to the top of the hill for a last look out over the bay. The donkeys were then brought up and the camp was struck, but the north-west wind blew so hard that the donkeys bearing the tent could scarcely make headway. However, after one or two minor accidents, we reached the beach, and I signalled for the boat. The reply was: "Too rough, will send later"; so I had to remain in the dirty town, doing nothing, until nearly sunset, when the wind dropped and the big sampan came in tow of the picquet-boat, and I made the final journey together with all my belongings. All the sailors who had composed my guard lined the rails to welcome me, and I had a most gratifying reception. The ward-room officers gave me a special dinner, during which I heard all the news. The Russians had received a crushing blow at Mukden, and the rice crop in Japan was the best for twenty years. It was said, too, that if the next attack on Port Arthur were successful the Japanese fleet would be split up, some ships returning to Japan for repairs, and one battleship, a cruiser and the torpedo flotillas being told off to watch Vladivostock.

The cold weather had set in again and everyone was trying to keep warm. I went into the captain's cabin, as it was the warmest place in the ship, and he gave me a very interesting description of his first cruise as captain. It was up the Yangtse, and he had kept a most complete record and made a chart of the river. It is in this that the Japanese officer excels. He is never content with the Government charts, but works out his own, and very often he discovers errors in the official charts. The captain's mail had just come in, and he read to me letters from his wife and child. The one written by his little girl, who was eight years old, ran: "Dear papa, I love you so, but if you stop much longer I shall forget your face. Look at the moon so that your face may be reflected in it, and I can look, too, and see you." This poetical strain runs through the whole Japanese nation, as, too, does the intense patriotic spirit, or *Bushido*. The British naval attaché, talking over the Japanese naval successes with me, attributed them all to *Bushido*. *Bushido* means, literally, "military-knight-ways," and may be freely translated into "duty and patriotism." The word burns deep in the heart of the nation. It was in olden times the guiding word for the knights, or *Samurai*, who were the retainers of the *Damaio* or feudal barons. The code of honour among this military caste was high. Fair play in fighting, protection of the weak, the upholding of justice, and the laying aside of

self for the advancement and benefit of the native land, were their leading principles and these principles have existed for thousands of years and coloured the whole life of the people, down to the present day. *Bushido* is, indeed, a practical religion, and it is its tremendous moral force that has enabled Japan to stand up before such odds, and were these odds multiplied, *Bushido* would still carry her through. As recent events have shown, the Japanese will never turn their backs on a big bully, and they will never willingly harm an insect. There is nothing the Japanese people hate more than meanness and deceit, underhand practices being so foreign to their own high nature. Many of the older people view with regret the growth of commercialism, on account of the somewhat lax morality which seems inseparable from keen business. But the Japanese realise that they must descend from their lofty station and take their place in the markets of the world. For many reasons this is to be regretted, not the least being that it will destroy the simple life which is characteristic of Japan.

A Japanese father hopes that his son will emulate the *koi* fish, that always swims against the stream, over waterfalls and every obstacle, until at last it reaches the head of the river. In the battle of life the father does not wish his son's way to be easy; he would rather he nerved himself for the struggle, determined to succeed or die. *Bushido* is kept alive by the Spartan mothers

of Japan, and from them the children learn to bear pain and disappointment in silence. The suppression of the emotions is learnt in childhood, and a mother who loses her only son on the battlefield shows no outward sign of her deep grief, but seeks to heal her breaking heart by fancifully imagining her lost boy is a child again, absent from home in his hunt after butterflies, and as, with a bleeding heart, she goes about her household work she sings softly :

"How far to-day in chase I wonder
Has gone my hunter of the dragon fly."

Assist. Paymaster Ohno. Seppings Wright. Com. Yonehara. Capt. Kimura.

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CHAPTER X.

A day's fishing—The Russian oil reservoir in flames—The Emperor's birthday festivities—A fight with the Russian destroyers—The destroyers come out again—A midnight chase—Astounding news of the British army—Japanese estimate of the duration of the war—Life in Port Arthur—Resurrection of the *Sevastopol*—The flotillas attack her—She is totally disabled—Christmas Day—Fall of Port Arthur.

Soon after my return to the ship Commander Yonehara photographed a group, consisting of myself surrounded by my bodyguard—that is, all the men who had been on duty at different times at my camp.

The Russians must have laid an enormous number of mines, for over a thousand had been accounted for by the Japanese, and no doubt there were others still in Dalny harbour. Mine sweepers were very busy after the gale, and I went out with one of the flotillas to peep into Port Arthur again, though on this occasion I was on a destroyer. I went out trawling one day in the favourite fishing ground—the channel which runs between the islands. We hoped to get some tai fish, and we went off in the big sampan, with four sailors to attend to the baiting and work the boat. We set the trawl (which carried about a hundred hooks) round the base

of an island, and the captain suggested that we should land, with our lunch, and leave the fish to catch themselves. Landing amongst the rocks proved no easy matter, on account of the swell, but we succeeded at last, and climbed the cliffs to the rounded summit, where a small flag—a surveyor's mark—was blowing bravely out from a bamboo staff. The herbage was similar to that in some of the sunny nooks on the mountains, and the late autumn flowers were still blooming. The captain and myself filled our arms with flowers and took them back with us to decorate the ward-room table. After lunch we descended the cliff and explored the rock pools. The seaweed was not so brilliant as that found on the English coasts, but there was a very beautiful sea anemone of exactly the bright green colour of the Jersey lizard. The only sign of life on the island was a colony of rock pigeons.

We got into the boat and hauled in the line, but no fish were hooked. We had, however, brought with us some dynamite cartridges, and these proved more effective, for we got several bucketsful of fair-sized fish, and among them was one particularly fine fellow of the tunney species.

We returned on board and found the commander making all preparations for sea. We were going to Dalny, and the water shone like glass as we steamed away. Heavy firing was still going on at Port Arthur, but we were travelling in the opposite direction. On account of the mines we had to steer a very long course, and did not head

for Dalny until we had sighted Togo's fleet. We passed quite close to Kwang-tan-shan, a double island, consisting of two mountains joined by a silver strand about half-a-mile wide. A small island (Cheesi kwang) near by looked like a boat at the stern of a ship, and might be compared with the Calf of Man. Right in the centre a black dome marks a huge ocean cave, big enough to swallow a ship, and the entrance to it is guarded by two monster pinnacle rocks. These islands together are about the same area as Jersey, but the only inhabitants are the lighthouse keeper and a few fishermen.

As we entered Dalny Bay the gunboats were busy searching for mines, for there were still many to be cleared out. We anchored in the harbour outside my old ship the *Tainan-Maru*. At four o'clock, however, we weighed again and proceeded to another anchorage, about a thousand yards nearer the dockyard. The captain left to report our arrival to the flagship, where he was informed that the order for leaving the other harbour had been "erased," as he put it, and consequently we were to return the next day. All this lost time would have been saved if we had been fitted with wireless telegraphy, as we could have been communicated with at any time during the passage.

Before leaving the next morning I went to see my old messmates on the *Tainan-Maru*, who greeted me warmly. Everything was the same on the ship except for some changes among the

junior officers. I would have liked to remain with my old friends, but it was my duty to keep as close as possible to the scene of active operations.

We anchored again in the "certain place," and I went ashore in order to watch the effect of the land mines which, it was said, were to be used that day. From my point of vantage I watched the storming, when suddenly the land mine was fired. It seemed to blow a huge section of the hill away, and what was before a symmetrical slope became chaos, and the air was black with falling stone, earth and human bodies. This put a stop to the fighting for a time and a short truce ensued.

We received a telegram from England that day which said: "The Baltic fleet fired on and sunk an English fishing boat in mistake for a Japanese cruiser." Everyone collapsed with fits of laughter, and there were many who would not believe the story. The next morning our flotilla started out, taking up the usual rendezvous, but nothing of any importance happened except that the Japanese guns set the Russian oil reservoir on fire, and we witnessed a most magnificent sight, the flames leaping high in the sky and the black smoke floating, like funereal plumes, as far as Togo's ships, where it seemed to hang. This fire must have been a serious mishap for the Russians, as they had not much coal or other fuel.

November 3rd is the birthday of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor, and is the most im-

portant in the Japanese calendar. On that day both services are entertained at His Imperial Majesty's expense. For the past two or three days I had noticed an air of mystery about the sailors, and on the morning of the 3rd, as I entered the ward-room, the secret was revealed. The room was bright with the bloom of many-hued flowers. There were chrysanthemums of all colours, including blue and green, and the delicate lilac-tinted wisteria hung in graceful clusters and festoons from the beams. They were all made of paper, and in the record time of three days. The panels ornamenting the temporary stage that had been erected were composed of trophies from each part of the ship; the engineer's panel was quaintly designed with spanners, nuts, and other things used in the engine-room; the gunner had his trophy of revolvers, bayonets, and cartridges; the carpenter's was made up of the fire hose, and so on. The back of the stage and its wings and curtains were draped with flags of all nations, the most conspicuous being the Union Jack and White Ensign. At eight o'clock the ship was dressed rainbow-fashion, as is done in the English Navy, and the forenoon was given up to sports. There were sack races, potato races and the usual items of a sporting programme. There was one very appropriate race. The sailors competing lay in their hammocks, and at the sound of the bugle they turned out, dressed themselves, lashed up their hammocks, and running to another part of

the ship, got their rifles and field kit and raced round to the other side, where the deck officer and another ward-room officer inspected them, the prize, of course, going to the first properly-dressed sailor who came in. There were wrestling matches, too, in which the sailors gave an exhibition of their prowess in the art of ju-jutse.

At 11.30 all hands (myself included) fell in on the upper deck for inspection, remaining at attention until twelve o'clock, when the salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and we gave three great "Banzais" that might have been heard in Port Arthur. As the last puff of smoke floated away the boatswain piped down, where a special lunch with champagne provided by the Emperor was served. His health was drunk with wild enthusiasm, and immediately afterwards King Edward's health was proposed, and this toast was received almost, if not quite, as enthusiastically. Being the only Englishman present, I had the great honour of returning thanks. The King of England was the only European monarch who was toasted. After lunch, chairs and tables were cleared away and the spacious saloon turned into an auditorium. It was crowded to overflowing, for as many of the crews as could be spared from the torpedo flotillas had been invited. The officers occupied the lockers round the sides of the saloon and the men squatted down in rows on the floor. The acting was really good. The old Japanese drama was presented with all its flowery rhetoric, and also a modern,

up-to-date melodrama entitled, *The Russian Spy*. The dressing and acting of the latter play would have done credit to any provincial theatre in England, and, in fact, the chief character looked like an English actor and was a perfect artist. During the intervals biscuits and sweetmeats were handed round by a humorous tar, who shouted his wares like a hawker, much to our amusement. The evening closed with a sort of variety entertainment, from the organisation of which our London managers might have taken more than one useful hint. Tea and cigarettes closed one of the most enjoyable days of my pleasant sojourn in the Japanese Navy.

The next morning I went out in torpedo-boat No. 65. I noticed that her mast was stepped abaft the funnel, and I was told that it was to support the derrick in lifting the boat in and out. The winter had come suddenly, and we were all muffled up. The Japanese sailors wore long military great-coats and Wellington boots. The coat has a hood and a cape as well, and a white muffler is worn to protect the throat and mouth, and warm white gloves. I found my furs very comfortable when on board the torpedo-boats.

A mine blowing up in the harbour close to our ship gave us a fright the next day, for we were full of explosives. My prospective trip in another mine boat came to naught, for she got close under a Russian battery during the thick weather, and the fog suddenly lifting and revealing her the Russians promptly put five shells into her and

sent her to the bottom, only a few of her crew being saved. As Captain Kamura said, they were getting very clever at shooting from the lower batteries, and had improved their charts and cross bearings so that they knew well where to aim.

A carrier pigeon flew on board, evidently tired out, and a general scramble amongst the crew ensued to secure the bird, but they only succeeded in scaring him to another ship.

We had a quantity of apples and pears on board, which had formed part of the cargo of a would-be blockade runner which had been captured. As we ate them we felt that we had really to be thankful to the Russians for something, although their feelings, had they seen us enjoying the luxuries that were intended for them, would not have been of the pleasantest.

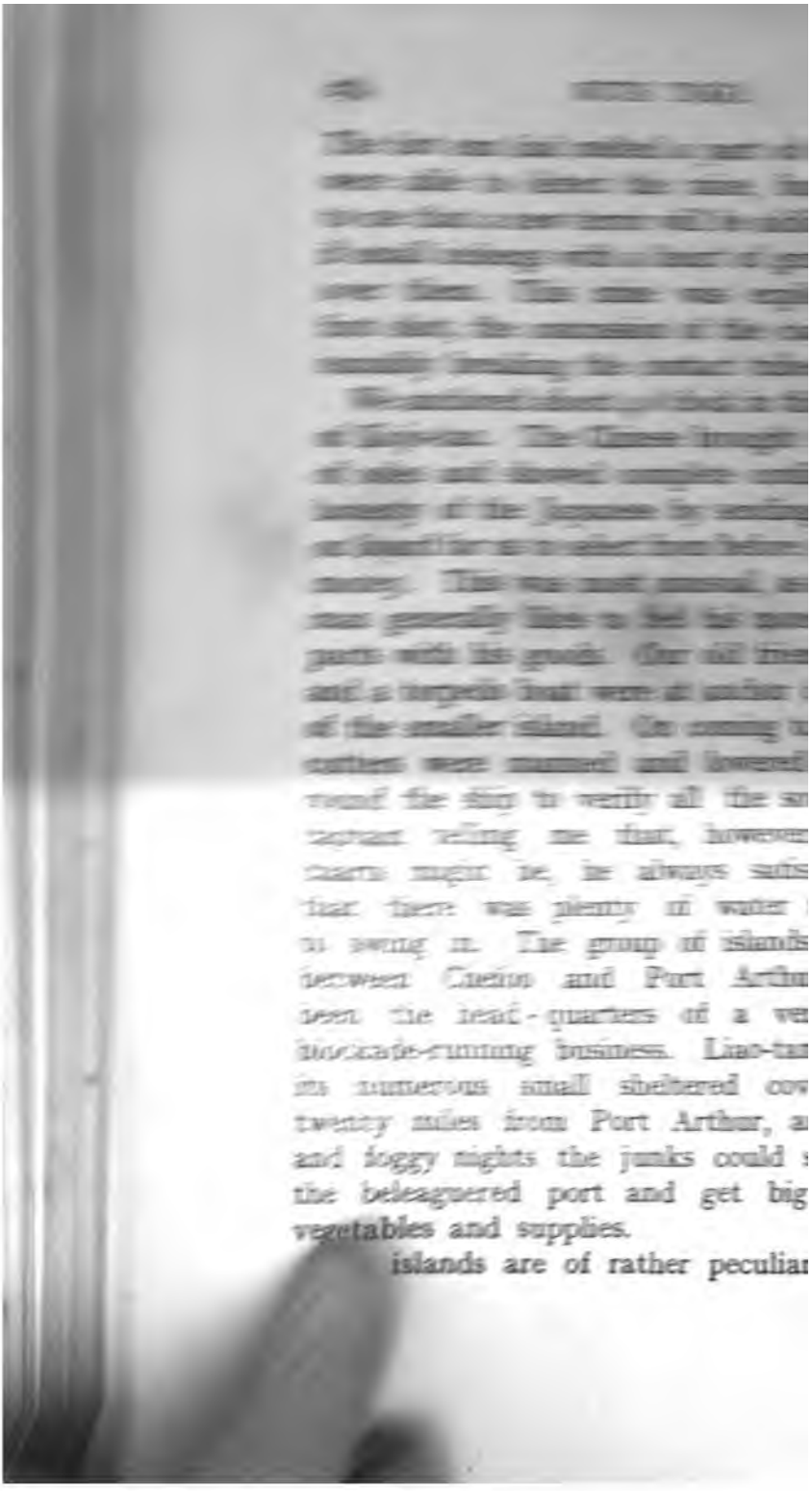
One day, when we were out in the bay, the Russian destroyers and a gunboat suddenly came out of Port Arthur. All the flotillas at once concentrated to meet them, and the cruisers closed in. We indulged in some long-range practice for about half-an-hour and some of our shells told, but the nearest approach to a hit made by the Russians was when a shell fell so close to our boat that it splashed the water all over us. They returned to the harbour, and apparently their coming out had no definite object. It was one of their quite incomprehensible movements, to which we were becoming accustomed.

A queer little Chinese Temple was my excuse

Liao-tau-shan. Entrance to Port Arthur.

Japanese chasers. Russian destroyers.

Russian torpedo raid stopped by our flotillas.



The Causeway at Kojo Island. The inhabitants hiding themselves at our approach.

Curious boat rafts or logs, Kojo-tau, Gulf of Pecheli.

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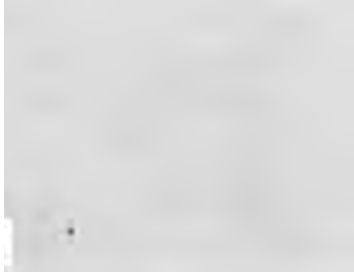

for another trip ashore. The compound in which it stood looked like something between a stable and a penny show. Three gods presided over some burning joss-sticks, and they were brilliantly coloured with vermilion, blue and gold. The frescoes at the back of the niches in which the gods stood depicted the element over which each of these deities presided. The carving around each shrine was very elaborate, and at the doorway were two pillars of stone on which ancient historical calenders were carved. The yard was knee-deep in stable litter and old coal bags. On leaving the precincts an unusually large contingent of armless, leprous beggars craved our pity and alms, and a few pieces of cash, scattered broadcast, brought an overpowering weight of blessings upon us. Nevertheless, we were very glad to make our escape from the poor stricken creatures.

My Cheesi dog had a tremendous feed of chicken on the chaser that day, which made him look as if he had swallowed a torpedo.

A number of little flags dotted over the islands and cliffs showed that Japan had taken possession of the land and was surveying her new territory. Some of the Russian charts placed the harbour on top of the mountains four miles distant, so that a fresh survey was obviously necessary.

The movements of the Baltic Fleet were duly reported in the ward-room, but it did not in the least disturb the equanimity of the officers. They amused themselves with the gramophone and

Mine blowing up.

Russian shell.

A morning greeting. Rendezvous B. Port Arthur Bay.

to obliterate them, and we would wait anxiously until it cleared away to see the result. Everyone felt a sense of staleness at certain times, as in most campaigns, and at this time the feeling was very general, for everything seemed to have come to an *impasse*. The enemy would not come out to fight and we could not get in.

One night, however, we had some excitement. At midnight the commodore signalled "chase," and my boy aroused me, saying something about Rooski ships coming out. I rushed on deck, but could see nothing but that we were racing through the water like an express train. Something must be happening, I thought, and enquiring of one of the officers, he told me that one of the Russian destroyers had slipped out and was right ahead, steering for a Chinese port. We gradually closed in on him until daylight, when we reached Cheefoo, and saw in the dim light three men-of-war. These turned out to be Chinese cruisers. Some explosions and smoke in another part of the harbour drew our attention, and we found it was caused by the Russians destroying their boat. It was an exciting race, but terribly cold.

The next day, when I returned to the *Nikko*, I heard a story from some prisoners aboard a junk alongside that an English steamer of about 3,000 tons had been blown up by a Russian mine, the survivors being paid to say nothing about it. The junk sailed off before I could learn any more, and I was unable to find out how far the story was true.

The arrival of the mail from Sasebo was always a great event with us. Sampans, steam launches and boats of all sorts raced from their respective ships to be first alongside.

Christmas was approaching and several of my messmates who had been to England spoke of the English Christmas and how much they enjoyed it. One of them said that when in England at Christmas time he was invited out to dinner, and afterwards they had games and forfeits and kissing. He said that his hosts were very much amused because he did not know how to kiss.

A foreign telegram we received caused much astonishment. It said, " Baltic Fleet one portion coming through the Red Sea shadowed by the English Army." At last I thought, Army Reform has produced some tangible, and, indeed, striking result.

It was reported that the Russians had only 8,000 fighting men in Port Arthur. Many of the heavy guns were said to be damaged, although they still had plenty of machine guns fit for use. A big German steamer was stopped in the bay by the Japanese cruisers, and, when overhauled, was found to have a cargo of medicine, medical comforts and fur-lined great coats. I saw her start for Sasebo and I decided to make a bid for one of those fur coats, although I doubted if I should be allowed to have one as it seemed likely that they would be served out to the Japanese soldiers.

Patriotic P.-Cs. Cards done by school children for distribution amongst the Fleet. The children's ages range from seven to eleven.

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feel that my own estimation of my importance perhaps erred on the side of modesty, when Yamanashi said:

"They have all turned out to see General Stoessel, who is coming back in this carriage."

The people, clad in blue and red, made a fine splash of colour in the monotonous landscape. We passed a frozen lake, its glassy surface gleaming in the sun like a polished mirror, and all along the dusty roads were strings of horses and the celebrated Chinese transport-carts—clumsy vehicles drawn by miscellaneous teams of donkeys, horses and cows. In one instance I noticed a dog straining along as leader. Very few trees were to be seen, and those only grew in the villages and graveyards. Bird life was represented solely by chattering magpies, each village housing a pair, whose ragged nest was generally to be seen in the tallest tree.

We stopped at a station to allow two trains full of prisoners to pass. I noticed that they contained mostly sailors, and I concluded that there must be very few prisoners left in Port Arthur, as the sailors were to be the last to leave. They were, on the whole, very quiet, but some were cheerful and jested with their sprightly guards. Children from the village trooped out to "Banzai" us, and the men of the regiment that was travelling in our train amused themselves by throwing pieces of biscuit and pickles to them. I saw one soldier lean down to give a paper of sugar to a little girl, who tasted it, threw the paper down

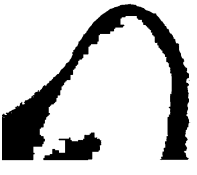
and went off disgusted, making wry grimaces. These poor little girls hobble along on their heels, their feet are so tightly bandaged, and the pain caused by walking must be excruciating, and they twist the poor, deformed stump at all angles to ease the pressure. On leaving this station the train skirted Pigeon Bay, with its picturesque islands, and the journey ended at a station about seventeen miles from Port Arthur, the remainder of the line being damaged. Here I met several of the correspondents who had come to see General Stoessel. As the crow flies, the distance from the town was only three Japanese miles, but the Japanese, liberal in this as in everything, give many furlongs to their mile, and measured by the English standard it was about fifteen miles. There was a great deal of bustle and preparation at the station, which was decorated with evergreens, and it seemed strange to see a number of droskies driven by Russian drivers, clad in greatcoats, Russian boots and fur caps of the Cossack type. The train drew up between two lines of Russian prisoners, numbering about two thousand. They were standing easy, in some cases sitting down making tea. Among them servants were pushing their way with portmanteaux, dressing-bags and other European baggage, which seemed strangely out of place on this dusty Manchurian station. A group of Japanese officers, drawn up at the door of the station-master's office, waited to receive the Russian commander-in-chief. Some tem-

one of two torpedo boats that kept up a constant communication between Dalny and the various fleets and harbours) was to leave punctually at 8 the following morning, a friend of mine offered to take me on No. 62, of the 20th flotilla, which would start a little later.

By 9 o'clock my packing was finished and Captain Kimura sent for me to come to the ward room. All the officers were there and the captain bade me adieu in the name of the ship, adding some very complimentary remarks. We then drank *saké* together, and I made a little speech thanking them for all the kindness I had experienced while on board.

The *Sevastopol*, the only remaining Russian battleship, came out of the harbour, apparently with the intention of putting to sea and making a desperate dash for freedom; but her captain evidently changed his mind, and she came to anchor in the outer anchorage. It appeared that she had been lying quietly in the dry dock while the Japanese believed her to have been rendered useless by a mine which she struck a few months before. She had, however, been thoroughly repaired and, during the night that we remarked the absence of the searchlights, she was taken out of dock. But between Admiral Togo and the army she had a very poor chance.

At 9.30 I stepped into the steam launch, with farewell "Banzais" from my shipmates ringing in my ears. I felt the parting with them very strongly, for they had been good friends to me



and had done all in their power to help me, making my stay with them the most pleasant time I have ever spent campaigning. For a long time the officers and men continued to wave their adieux.

At once No. 62 got outside the harbour, and we darted from wave to wave followed by the remainder of the flotilla. After an hour's tossing we rounded the south point into the calmer waters of Talien-wan Bay. On entering the harbour of Dalny, the *Tainan* was nowhere to be seen, so I had to go alongside the *Fuso*, Admiral Yamada's ship. From the *Fuso* I learnt that the *Tainan-Maru* was mine-sweeping and would not return until the evening, so I went to the *Canton-Maru* and climbed on board. This splendid steamer was formerly a Russian and had been captured off Dalny. The Japanese had made her a machine and repairing ship—a sort of floating dockyard. We ranged up to her alongside the Russian destroyer which had been captured by the Japanese in Chefoo harbour. She was undergoing some slight repairs to enable her to reach Japan, where she was to be put in thorough order before being attached to one or other of the flotillas.

The *Canton-Maru* was commanded by Captain Naicao, a smart looking sailor, who received me very graciously in his own cabin, and ordered lunch for me. His conversation was very interesting, as he was in command of the ill-fated *Hatsuse* at the time she was blown up.

"I was standing on the fore-bridge," he said,

"and at 10 a.m. we struck a mine which did very little damage, but quite enough to prevent her steaming, and we were taken in tow by the *Asahi*. At noon a tremendous explosion shook the ship, and in a minute and a half she sank, carrying down nearly all the crew. The main mast seemed to be projected over the forebridge, and fell, crashing through the deckhouse. I recollect struggling in the water, and being sucked down for about ten feet. On coming to the surface I struck out and was rescued by one of the boats. It was a terrible experience and a great loss, for half the crew perished and the *Hatsuse* was one of our best battleships."

He took me into the ward room, where I amused myself for the rest of the afternoon examining some splendid swords and looking through the pages of a most interesting old book containing drawings of all kinds of swords and showing the different temperings. This book, as well as the finest sword in the collection, belonged to Lieutenant Sata, who told me that he had about seventy swords at home and would be pleased to show them to me whenever I went to Tokyo.

The *Tainan-Maru* was signalled, and by sunset the pinnace of the *Fuso* put me on board. I was warmly welcomed by all hands. Arai (the [illegible]) showed me my old cabin, which looked [illegible] had only left it an hour before. But the [illegible] were all dead and the little garden [illegible] window quite woe-begon although [illegible]

Going on look-out. Mine searching.

Captain Takahashi. Lieut. Kubo.

On the bridge of a mine ship.

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was as lively as ever when stirred up. Captain Takahasi told me he was then employed in mine-sweeping duty, going out every day at 8.0 and steaming across Port Arthur bay in the search.

Dalny had grown since my last visit, and rows of new barracks had sprung up for the accommodation of the Port Arthur prisoners when they arrived. There was a new harbour master, and his flag was flying on the *Taiko-Maru*, the sister ship of the *Tainan-Maru*. As I have already mentioned, he had been appointed harbour master to Port Arthur, the position he held ten years ago, after the Chinese War. He was confidently looking forward to raising four of the sunken Russian battle ships and adding them to the Japanese navy.

At 8 o'clock the following morning we started to run the line opposite Port Arthur. The wind blew strongly from the north, which made the work more risky than usual as, in such a wind, the mines were often concealed just under the surface and it seemed likely that we should run on the top of one of them. All the 20th flotilla had taken refuge in Dalny, lying low all day. The extra look-outs were, as usual, at their posts to command a large field of vision, two being in the crow's-nest at the foremast head with a field-glass, three or four stationed on the forecastle, one or two on each side of the boat-deck and one at either end of the bridge. The wind died down somewhat, and as we returned the look-outs reported a mine in sight. The navigating officer

immediately took charge of the ship and manœuvred her so as to get about 300 yards to windward of the venomous-looking little black spot in the water. The captain and officers were on the bridge, the lieutenant at the range-finder, and, besides the ordinary look-outs, everyone that could be spared came on deck to watch. A sub of the watch mustered on the shelter-deck under the command of the gunnery lieutenant, and at 300 yards the men opened fire. The firing lasted about three minutes, for the motion of the waves made the mine very unsteady. Several hits were recorded, but until the cap was struck no explosion took place. At last the mine blew up with a tremendous report, a thick heavy cloud of smoke arose, and the water was blackened all around by the gun cotton.

We returned to our anchorage at 6, and a collier, the *Westminster*, came alongside, her bows being coated with ice from the frozen spray. Every day we went mine searching, and after the recent gale we expected to find several of these dangerous derelicts. The *Sevastopol* was still outside the harbour, and lay so close to the mine-fields that it would be a dangerous venture to attack her. The weather had become very wintry, and the water in the men's bath-tubs was solid blocks of ice. I noticed, too, that the sea was smoking in parts—a sure sign that it was on the point of freezing.

A fleet of hundreds of junks, bound for Chefoo, came in sight, sailing calmly over the waters.

The range finder. Mine-searching.

Firing party sinking a Russian mine, Port Arthur Bay.

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Suddenly a mine was found to be floating amongst them, and immediately they fell into the utmost confusion, and it was very amusing to watch them scatter as we rounded to windward to come into position for firing at the mine. It was blown up almost immediately, for the water was smooth.

There was little doubt that many of the junks that left Port Arthur laid mines for the Russians. The method adopted is very simple. The caps of the points are removed and the mine is slung beneath the junk, the weight of the chain keeping it down. When at the required spot, the anchor is thrown over from the stern, the rope which fastens the mine to the junk is cut, and the mine is laid.

The admiral having signalled us to stop in harbour that day, I went ashore in the afternoon. We were expecting orders to proceed to some station in Japan to rest and repair, but we should not leave until the last Russian battleship was destroyed. Dalny was very busy and tugs were panting about the harbour with heavily-laden junks in tow. The dockyard pier was four deep in ships. On landing we made straight for the Chinese town, as I wanted to buy some furs, if any were to be had. The Arctic cold was so penetrating that furs seemed to be the only suitable wear. We passed through a city of commissariat, and mountains of forage and hills of supplies lay alongside the railway to facilitate their transport to the front.

I bought a sheepskin coat, unlined, at a Chinese

store, which seemed capable of keeping out the cold, and we then made our way to the square. A Chinese orator was holding forth on some subject which we could not fathom, booths crowded the roadway, shoemakers were sitting at their work, and the tea-stalls doing a thriving trade. The Chinese kettle is a combination of teapot and stove. The fire is made in the kettle itself, the tea being placed in the bowls; scalding water is poured on, and the tea is made. Chinamen must have throats and stomachs of brass, for they drink their tea while it is absolutely boiling.

We went out into the country to see the cavalry drilling. The river was frozen, and on the bridge that spans it we saw a Chinaman with a handsome bird in a beautiful bamboo cage. The bird was singing, and its sweet notes were not unlike those of the lark, but had greater volume and intensity. The Chinaman held the cage at arm's length in the sun, and encouraged the bird by means of a low droning chant. A group of Japanese soldiers stood around, very interested, but at last the Chinaman covered the cage with a blue hood and went off. The soldiers were all muffled in loose greatcoats, with high fur-lined collars. In addition they all wore helmets of soft wool, fitting tightly round the head, a huge woollen comforter and warm gloves. Most of them wore tinted glasses to protect their eyes from the snow glare.

We cut across country to the park and there

Exploding a Russian mechanical mine, off Port Arthur.

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found a regiment of recruits being taught skirmishing. We also visited the tigers and bears and the temporary mortuary. The mortuary occupied one of the biggest houses in the park. One of the rooms was fitted up as a shrine, and standing on a sort of altar were hundreds of small boxes, each about four inches square, and containing the ashes of a soldier with his name and regiment inscribed on the front of the box. Two candlesticks and a vase with the lotus flowers stood in front, and a Shinto priest guarded the remains. We made obeisance to the ashes of these heroes, and inscribed our names in the visitors' book.

We returned to Dalny, where we vainly sought for some restaurant, but the only approach to one that we could find was in a dirty store, where a temporary dining-room had been rigged up in the oratory, the altar serving for a sideboard. We had roast fowl, potatoes, rice, tea and four eggs each. Only one of my eggs was eatable, for freshness is not considered essential in China; in fact, a two-year-old egg is esteemed a delicacy.

After our meal we passed through the principal part of the town and crossed a bridge over the railway, all cracked and splintered by a Japanese shell. The troop trains were passing beneath, the soldiers squatting down in coal trucks, but chatting as comfortably as though they were travelling in a Pullman. At one of the shops I bought a cap of sea-otter skin, so that if the winter things I was expecting did not turn up I

should nevertheless be well protected from the cold.

On my arrival on board I heard that the torpedo-boats had attacked the Sevastopol, and that it was reported that she was sinking. At 8.30 the next morning we started on our usual mine-hunt. A fleet of transports passed us with various stores. The ships belonging to the military authorities have a plain funnel, and their flag is white with a broad zigzag across the centre, and those for the navy bear two narrow bars on the flag. Ships bearing munitions of war fly the Government flag with a red ball, the water ship has a blue band round the funnel, and a collier two white bands. We passed a dangerous reef, a long jagged rock nearly a mile long, like a large Eddystone, where the Japanese will certainly put a lighthouse when peace is restored. I felt the benefit of my new furs, being much more comfortable than I had been for some days.

I witnessed a very interesting ceremony in the captain's cabin, namely, the presentation of the long-service medal to the petty officers. The medal is a pointed silver star, and each man was introduced separately, and the captain handed the reward, together with a certificate signed by the Emperor himself. Each petty officer received the certificate reverently, it being retained by the recipient for ever, although the medal is returned on promotion to higher rank.

[illegible] and fog prevented us from seeing the [illegible]nd added considerably to the dangerous

nature of the work. We sighted another mine sweeper which was running the line which our unfortunate consort was working when she was blown up. All of us, myself included, were anxiously looking out for mines, each hoping to win the good conduct badge which is the reward of the lucky finder.

Two more steamers were sunk in Port Arthur that day, and, with the destruction of the Russian Navy, Port Arthur will be reinforced by 8,000 sailors. Since the capture of one of the north forts the army had advanced some five hundred yards to a second and better position, where they were sheltered from the machine guns. In the evening the news signal stated "*Sevastopol* settling down by the head; two torpedoes got home, striking the bows."

The weather became still more severe, our decks being frozen, and the anchor becoming a lump of ice as soon as it was raised from the water. A remarkable piece of organization is the official weather bureau, and the Japanese are as thorough in this as in all their undertakings. As the army advances weather stations are established, to send information of approaching blizzards, and, in consequence, the troops are never caught by the weather unprepared.

The following day was brilliantly sunny and quite warm—so warm, in fact, that the frozen decks (which were so slippery as to make walking difficult) thawed, and at noon they were streaming

with water. The captain promptly seized the opportunity to wash decks.

During the day the captain and officers inspected some Russian rifles that had been captured, and the gunner took one to pieces so that we could examine the mechanism.

Every letter leaving the ships, with the exception of those of the officers, had to pass the censor. This, of course, entailed an enormous amount of work. The men in batches brought their letters to the ward-room, and any officers that were there at the time invariably gave the censor their assistance.

One day a sailor brought me a small English book and asked me to hear him read. I willingly did so, correcting his mistakes and setting him a short exercise. Some of his mates asked me to do the same for them, and soon I had a small class to instruct. I found teaching them both pleasant and interesting, for they were such apt and diligent pupils. The gunner's mate, to show his gratitude for my instruction, undertook to clean my Mauser pistol, and show me how to take it to pieces, so as to be able to clean the mechanism myself when necessary. Another of my pupils presented me with two pictures, really well executed and painted entirely with the ship's paint. He apologised for the fact that the face wanted tinting, but, as he explained, the ship's paint did not include face colour.

Three big explosions, which, although twenty-five miles away, we plainly heard, and, indeed,

First attack on the *Sevastopol*

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principally by the Russians themselves, but there were some characteristic markings of Japanese shells. The anchor of the *Retsivan*, which had been planted in the roadway, had dragged and ploughed through the hard macadam with the weight of the ship as she sank. The *Bayan* cruiser faced the harbour entrance, which was still draped with a torpedo net.

We crossed another bridge and, entering the dockyard gate, reported ourselves to the officer in charge. The dockyard staff were occupying the official residences of the late harbour-master, and Yamanashi and I were told off to the quarters of the Chief Engineer. We entered a long puzzling passage, rather like a cloister, at the end of which was a small hall, which had been turned into a kitchen. We were then ushered into a dining-room of fine proportions, divided in the centre by a handsome carved open-work screen, supported on two massive pillars. One side of the room was bulging in from the effect of an explosion outside. In the left-hand corner, standing against the wall, a Russian stove reached as high as the ceiling and gave a generous warmth. Two beds, with a press between, stood by the side wall, the further end was furnished with a very handsome sideboard, and by the side of it was a third bed. Two windows lighted the apartment, and at one was a writing table, and under the second were two box mattresses. There was also a very handsome cockatoo in a cage, which one of the officers was teaching to say "Banzai," but, being

felt, we learnt afterwards occurred at Double Dragon Hill. Three charges weighing two and a half tons were placed under three angles of North Fort. The first wrecked the moat, driving the defenders to another part of the fort; at the second, which quickly followed the first, the defenders were panic-stricken and rushed wildly hither and thither, while the third destroyed practically the whole side of the fort. Over two hundred Russian soldiers were blown up, and numbers were buried deep beneath thousands of tons of débris. An officer who witnessed the explosions told me that the Russian soldiers went up into the air erect, falling to the earth in all sorts of fantastic postures, like a troupe of acrobats.

We had two or three supernumerary lieutenants on board, and there were a great many naval officers, captains and admirals included, who were in want of jobs, which was remarkable after over a year's hard fighting.

The Government report of the torpedo attacks on the *Sevastopol* was read out and listened to eagerly. The first attack was made on the morning of the 12th of December at 12.30, when the flotilla under Commander Kasama attacked, but failed. Two torpedo-boats, under the command of Lieutenant Masato, then ran into range, and discharged their torpedoes. They were met by a storm of shell from the quickfirers, but they felt the explosion of the torpedoes, and thought they had done for the *Sevastopol*; but

when day dawned she showed no sign of injury. There were no casualties among the Japanese.

On the 13th, at 2.30 in the morning, another attack was made. The flotilla, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Arakawa, discharged their torpedoes under a galling fire, but with what effect was not known. During this attack one of the torpedo-boats was struck in the funnel, and a shell entered the boiler room of another, putting her out of action, and she was towed back by her consort. On this occasion, also, no one was killed or wounded. At six o'clock on the same day a third attack was made by a flotilla under Lieutenant-Commander Saki, but the enemy's searchlight was worked so well, as were the quickfirers, that the flotilla returned without effecting anything, but two torpedo-boats under Lieutenant Adachi which ran in close to the *Sevastopol* at about the same time discharged their torpedoes, but with what result could not be ascertained. Both boats were struck by shells simultaneously, and three men on one of them were wounded.

An engineer officer who was in the fight told me that torpedo-boats Nos. 45, 47, 46 and 49 (a mixed flotilla, working in pairs in the manner I have already described) attacked boldly and approached within five hundred metres (easy tube range) of the *Sevastopol*. Five torpedoes were discharged from Nos. 45 and 47, which undoubtedly got home. The petty officer who fired said he felt in his hand that they had struck.

Last attack on the *Sevastopol*. Early morning.

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(This is a curious phenomenon, but every officer I spoke to on the subject assured me that it was a fact: when a torpedo strikes its mark the man who has fired it, if he keeps his hand on the button, experiences a curious feeling in the thumb, but when the torpedo misses he feels nothing.) On retiring the enemy's destroyers opened fire and Assistant-Engineer Koatanahe was slightly injured. Then No. 46 discharged three torpedoes, one of which exploded, but a Hotchkiss shell (47 mm.) struck her, and exploded in the engine-room, killing one of the hands and severely wounding another. No. 49 then made a dash, getting quite close to the Russian ships, which she found (owing to the darkness) with great difficulty. She discharged her torpedoes at the *Sevastopol* and the gunboat *Otvesi*, returning safely after hearing the explosions.

Lieutenant-Commander Esoe, in torpedo-boat No. 42, was in chief command of the flotillas, and his boat led another bold attack. As he was standing in the conning tower watching for the result of a torpedo which No. 42 had just discharged, a shell struck him, completely tearing away his chest and bespattering the conning tower with fragments of his flesh, and stopping the clock. On board No. 42, also, Lieutenant Nakehore and four petty officers were killed by another shell. The Lieutenant-Commander took command of the flotillas on the death of poor Esoe, and he made yet another attack and then drew off. On the following morning it was

CHAPTER XI.

The Dalny Banzai—The Banzai at Liao-Yang—The Naval Banzai—A visit to Kin-Shan-Tao—Off to Port Arthur—General Stoessel—In the parallels—The desolation at Double Dragon Fort—Arrival at Port Arthur.

As a big "Banzai" in celebration of the fall of Port Arthur was to take place in Dalny, I decided to go ashore and take part in it. When I came to the gangway the captain positively refused to let me go unless I changed my fur cap, because, he said, I looked so much like a Russian that, in the excitement, things might be made uncomfortable for me. So I had to wear my yachting cap, and this and the presence of two officers on duty was sufficient to protect me from any demonstration or insult from anyone who might not know that I was an Englishman. As to being subjected to anything of the kind by the Japanese I did not for a moment think it possible, but there were in the town a number of Chinese of a very low type who would probably think it a meritorious act to hustle or annoy a Russian, and it was the possibility of this that the captain wished to guard against.

The small dockyard tender came alongside, into which I stepped, and we glided off into the

darkness. I could not fail to be struck by the brilliancy of the harbour as we neared the shipping, for, during the last few months no lights of any kind had been allowed, and on this evening the outlines of all the ships were illuminated with different coloured lights. The night was still, and although our movement through the air caused a slight chilliness, it was one of the most beautiful evenings of the many I had spent in Manchuria. The coloured lights gave a witchery to the scene, which held us in silent admiration of its fairy beauty. The smoke from the vessels rolled slowly away in heavy plumes, with scarcely a break until lost in the gloom that surrounded the illuminated area. Dalny was transfigured. Innumerable paper lanterns decorated all the main streets. We made for the principal thoroughfare, through which the processions were to pass, and found ourselves in the midst of a vast crowd composed of thousands of soldiers from the victorious army and the Chinese and townspeople, who had turned out *en masse*. All the soldiers wore their side arms, and their doing so was no danger to anyone, for there was never a quarrel amongst them, nor did I see a single drunken man. But the Japanese soldiers and sailors are tea drinkers, by choice and from long habit.

The members of the processions were principally Japanese workmen and dockyard hands, but there were many Chinese carrying big lanterns, ringing bells and beating gongs, and generally partaking in the excitement and joy of the occasion. The

lanterns were of various designs. Those worn on the head like hats might have been modelled from the ordinary London street lamp. There were at least 2,000 of these "hat" lanterns. Others, of large size, and inscribed with patriotic words, were carried banner fashion and were of a wonderful variety of shape. Some were like the pennons of the knights of olden days, others resembled the ancient Roman eagles, pyramids and Chinese temples. At intervals, emblematic cars and tableaux were carried shoulder high, instead of being drawn on wheels. The procession was, in fact, very like an illuminated Lord Mayor's Show. One of the most interesting things in the procession was a very good model of the *Tacachido*, one of the cruisers that helped to sink the *Rurik*, and the details were wonderfully modelled, even to the searchlight on the bridge, which sent forth its beams and swept and re-swept the faces of the crowd. Fireworks and a bonfire in front of the Town Hall were the concluding items of the "Banzai."

The prisoners at Port Arthur were removed from the town, and I have no doubt they were not sorry to leave the dreadful city where they had so long fought and suffered. I heard, too, that General Stoessel had received a very kind letter from the Emperor of Japan.

For some time our ship had been short-handed, as a number of the crew had been to Japan for their periodical gun-drill. Throughout the war these drills seem to have gone on as usual.

In the ice off Talienwan Bay.

Seppings Wright. Kubo. Aihara.

The Armstrong gun on the cruiser.

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ground with Russian corpses, burnt beyond recognition. Such a terrible sight I had never looked upon. I have seen death on many battlefields, but never such wholesale slaughter as I saw that day on 203 Metre Hill. Death must have come terribly suddenly to many of the poor human beings whose corpses filled the ghastly trenches. In one place I saw the naked legs and part of the stomach of a man still in the crouching position in which death found him, while, far down the slope, the other half of the body lay strung together by the entrails. Fragments of human flesh strewed the hill, and everywhere scorched faces with hideous death-grin looked up at us with unseeing eyes from the awful débris.

The monument was merely a square wooden post, painted white, on which was written a list of the heroes who had fallen in the great battle. It stood upon a base of sand bags. Nearly three weeks had passed since the battle was fought, but the searchers were still busy and the funeral fires constantly burning. The Russian dead remained where they fell, for there had been no time to bury them. In two respects the battlefield was less horrible than is generally the case when the dead have been left unburied, for there was no stench of putrefaction nor flies rising in clouds as we approached. The rarified, cold air of the north was the cause of the absence of these additional horrors.

Port Arthur and its bay lay beneath us, a

The *Uji* gunboat captured six Russians in an open boat who were leaving Port Arthur and, no doubt, trying to escape to Chefoo. When the gunboat approached they were seen to drop their arms overboard. They were brought in to Dalny and handed over to the care of the harbour master. They said they were sailors, but from the appearance of their clothing, and the fact that they possessed field-glasses and valuable jewellery, it was suspected that they were Russian officers. Whether they were officers who had refused to give parole, making a dash for liberty, or had dishonourably broken parole, I was unable to discover.

I received an invitation from General Nishi, Governor-General of Liao-Yang, to the " Banzai " that was to be held there the same evening, and I went, accompanied by the Chief Engineer, who also had been invited. The Chinese theatre, being the largest available building, was chosen for the function, and we threaded our way to it through the narrow Chinese streets, which were crowded with people. The building was gaily decorated and the national flag floated from every prominent part of it. Presenting our invitation cards we were shown upstairs to the Admiral's box, which corresponded to the stage box in an English theatre. The interior of the theatre was very simple, having only one large balcony. A number of tables in the arena were set out with fruit plates, *saké* cups and chopsticks, and at every place was a *Noshi* with a box of sweet-

beautiful panorama, and I shall never forget the scene with its ghastly, haunting foreground. As we turned to leave, one of the Japanese soldiers, who spoke a little English and evidently thought I was a Russian, pointed to a dead Muscovite and said sympathetically :

" Is that your dear friend ? "

We descended, passing Russians and Japanese walking together in perfect amity. Along the shore-front parties were busy making bonfires of infectious rubbish, and the dead-carts were busy with their burden of washtray-shaped, shrouded bodies. There was no mistaking the palsied motion of the rigid shapes beneath the white sheets, as the carts bumped over the rough ground. At the foot of the hill we were fortunate in securing a drosky, which carried us the remainder of the way home.

I paid a visit to Alexieff's house—an elegant mansion overlooking the dockyard. Two or three large gaps in the high walls enabled the public to view from the road the beautiful garden. A well-paved road from the dockyard leads to the main gates of the house, which stands well back, and is a fine two-storied building with verandahs. The windows are double-sashed, and jalousies shield the room from the summer sun. The garden is well laid out and planted with beautiful shrubs and trees, and reminded me of the quadrangle of a first-class German hotel. Most of the furniture had been stacked underneath the portico. We entered from the side through

the kitchen, a fine big room, and through this we passed to a passage that led to the front hall. A spiral staircase with a very handsome balustrade was the means of ascending to the second story. The first room we entered was the dining-room, and on the very handsome sideboard still stood the liqueur stand and tray, and some half a dozen glasses. Two handsome screens took up one side of the room, one being ornamented with heavy gold dragons on black, and the second with golden birds and flowers. This room opened into another handsomely-furnished apartment. The screens here were of brilliantly-coloured silk, decorated with chrysanthemums and birds and obviously executed by skilled workmen of the East. Another piece of furniture that was worth a day's journey to see was a remarkably handsome table of polished green jade, evidently for writing.

Darkness was coming on, and we left Alexieff's house and returned to our quarters. We went to bed at once, worn out with our long day.

"To-morrow——" began Yamanashi, drowsily.

"Let to-morrow come," I said, and fell asleep.

The nearest station was seventeen miles away and there were only two trains a day, one at 1.30, the other at 8. At 9 our man told us that he could not get a drosky for love or money, so we hired a couple of coolies and a jinrickshaw to carry our baggage; and, with a last look at the sunken Russian ships, we bade farewell to our hosts and started forth on our journey.

A shrine on 203 Metre Hill. Lieut. Yamanashi doing homage to the dead.

Temporary monument on the summit of 203 Metre Hill.

Guards in charge of burial party, 203 Metre Hill.

Wire entanglement, chevaux de frise, at the gates of Port Arthur.

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The brisk morning air was delightful, and a tramp of twenty-five miles or so seemed no hardship. We had decided to visit some more forts on our way to the station, so we stepped out briskly. On passing the market square, however, I saw two droskies evidently waiting for a fare, so I approached the driver of one of them and pointed over the distant fortresses to the Dalny road. The driver nodded, and we got into the drosky and left Port Arthur behind two magnificent animals, fresh and fast, passing everything on the road.

One drosky, which we overtook, contained a wounded Russian officer and his wife, and a little black terrier which barked his delight at leaving the place, thankful, no doubt, for not having been made into soup. We met regiments of soldiers, Chinese beggars, and trains of the little Japanese transport carts on the road.

After a couple of hours' driving we saw a cloud of white steam on the distant ridge as the incoming train entered the station, and soon after we arrived. There was a great deal of bustle and excitement there, for artillery and stores were being entrained for the north and there were, besides, a number of passengers for Dalny. We all squeezed into a baggage truck, in which we made the journey, and on reaching Dalny I at once went on board the old *Tainan Maru*, walking across the ice to the ship. There had been several changes made in my absence, and

the paymaster and two or three of my friends had been promoted and appointed to other ships.

On February 2nd we received sailing orders, our destination being Kure, and we were not sorry at the prospect of soon reaching the warmer climate of the Inland Sea. My pleasant sojourn with the Japanese Fleet was coming to an end.

The ice melted from the sides of the ship as we steamed through the Strait of Gun, Togo's first rendezvous, and we felt comparatively warm when, on February 7th, we glided into Kure.

I remained with the ship, and two days later saw the Japanese Nelson go aboard his flagship preparatory to sailing south to meet the Baltic Fleet.

On February 12th (which was a public holiday, being the anniversary of the birth of Nippon's first Emperor, who saw the light 2,500 years ago) I went to the *Mikassa* to call on Admiral Togo. He received me in his cabin and we had a long talk, and he sent me over the ship to see the places that had been damaged. A big shot had passed through the sick room, but without doing much harm, and one of the casemates was injured by a shell which had exploded on the deck above and damaged the mainmast. Two-thirds of the girth of the mast had been shot away, leaving very little to support its great weight.

Soon afterwards I was ordered to Tokyo. Captain Takahasi, with his wife and their boy and as many officers as could be spared, came

Togo in the Straits of Tsushima.

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with me in the dockyard launch to see that I was properly settled on the little steamer that was to bear me away, perhaps for ever, from my dear Nippon friends. I remained on the deck of the steamer until the launch, with its waving crowd of the best and truest friends I have ever made, passed out of sight, and a few days later I was on my way home to England.

* * * * * * *

While preparing for press this account of my experiences with the Japanese Navy, news reached England of the overwhelming success of that navy in its last encounter with the Russian ships—a success which completed and crowned the arduous and gallant work which I had witnessed the brave Japanese sailors performing off Port Arthur. By this great victory the Japan Sea becomes the moat of Tokyo, and under the protection of the flag of the Rising Sun, merchant ships of all nations will sail in security through those Eastern waters. New ports, too, will be thrown open to the world, and territory whose inhabitants have been crushed beneath the weight of a Russian occupation will come under the beneficent sway of Japan, and the light of civilization, peace and prosperity will shine over the land. Banzai!

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

SEA BATTLES of to-day, as in the past, and possibly in the near future, will be decided by guns. We have no such reports about the Japanese Artillery, which is entirely

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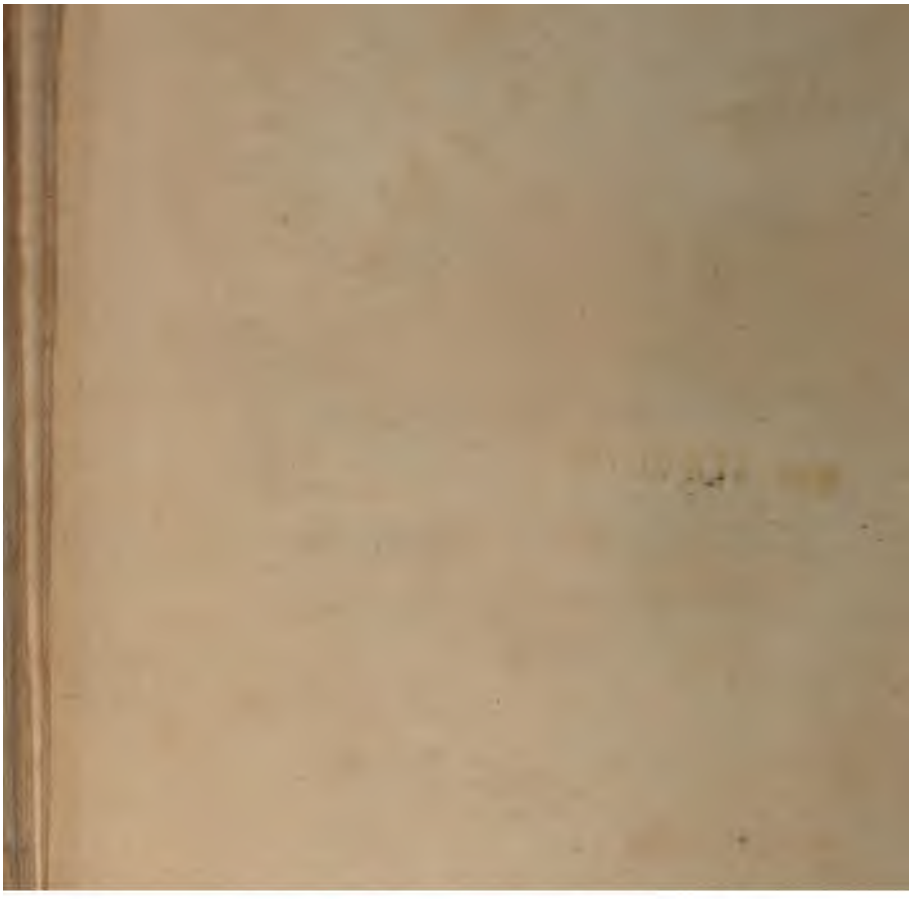

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